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Northern Messenger

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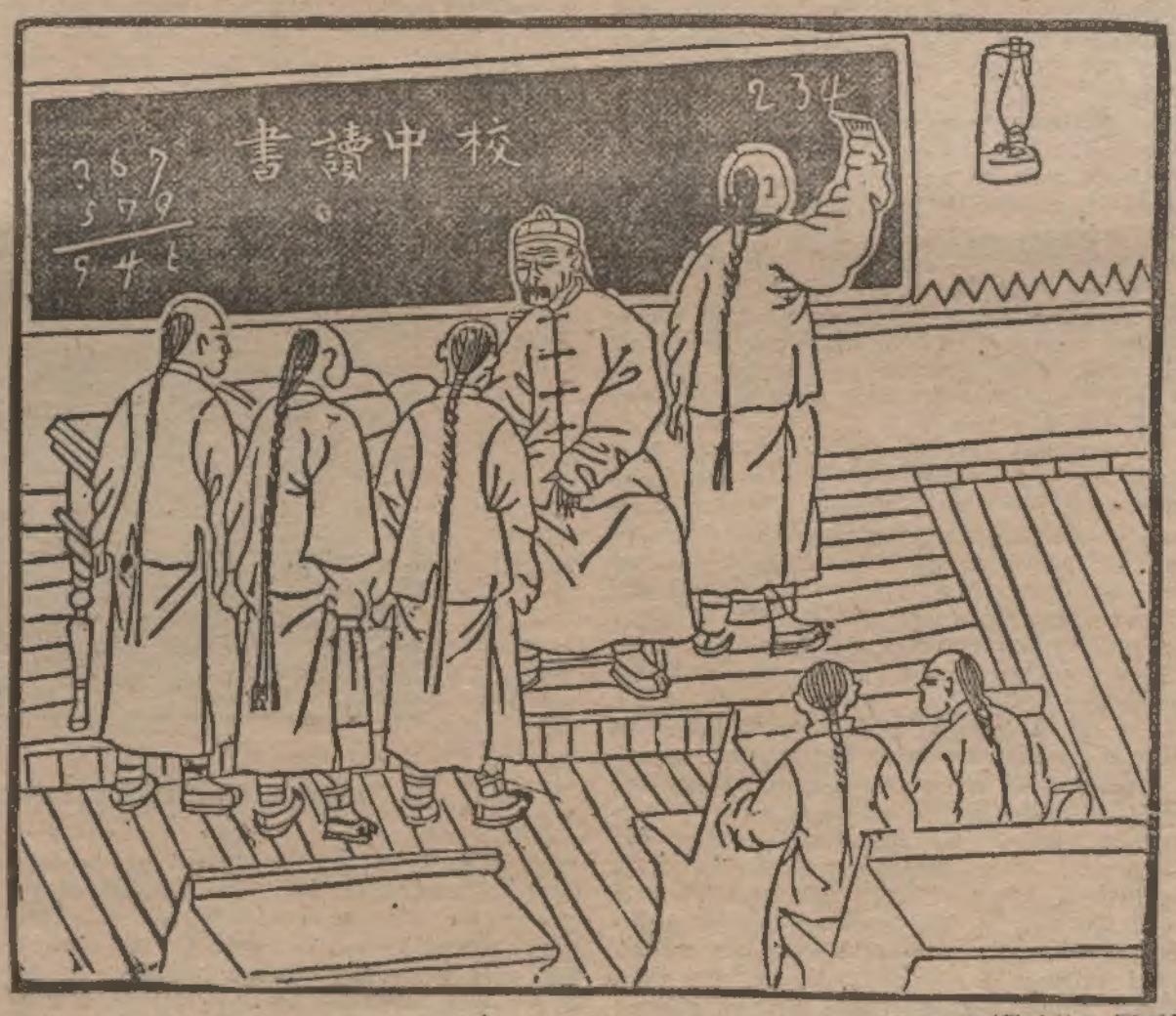
'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Chinese Pictures of a Training School.

You will all be interested in these pictures of a training school in China, although they were made some years ago. The great influence that the missionary training schools have had can hardly be overestimated, and a story that illustrates that influence was told by the missionary in charge of this very training school.

At the time these pictures were made there was in the school a boy who had come from his home three hundred English miles away in Shantung Province. Twenty years before his grandfather had visited Peking where he entered a mission chapel and heard the Gospel. He became interested and took tracts to his home; after a while he embraced Christianity. His wife wished to know something of this 'Jesus Religion.' On asking her son about it he volunteered to wheel his mother on his barrow all the way to Peking, three hundred miles away. They went. At the time this story was told the grandfather was dead, the father was a trusted native minister, and the grandson is in the school, one of the best of its scholars.



—'Christian World.'

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE RECITATION-ROOMS.

Out-of-doors in China.

(By the Rev. Henry Payne, of Shantung, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

We are going for a walk into the City today, and as we leave our home by the front gate we meet our next-door neighbor just setting off for the market with his load of vegetables on his shoulder. 'Have you had breakfast?' politely asks he. 'Yes! have you eaten food?' we reply. Doesn't this way of saying 'Good morning' remind you of the picture and the sweep's 'Have you used Pear's Soap?'

Now we are through the big city gates and in the midst of the bustle. Keep a good lookout for the bullock carts, and especially the wheelbarrows, and mind the deep ruts. Aren't the streets narrow? and as there are no pavements you may have to pop into a doorway when a cart comes by.

—'Christian World.'

BOYS OF THE TRAINING- SCHOOL AT PLAY.

The streets, too, have curious names. This one is called 'Secure Peace Street;' that one, 'Flourishing Street,' another 'Cinnamon Flower Street,' and this other 'Old Clothes Street,' because there are so many second-hand clothes-shops in it.

You notice that the shops are quite open to the street. There are no windows, so you musn't mind people stopping to look and listen when you are buying. Notice, too, the brilliant signboards which hang down like flags in front of the shops, swayed by the wind. They tell us the names of the shops rather than the owners, and also the kind of articles sold. Some are ten feet long and nearly touch the ground, all are painted blue or scarlet, while some have large raised gilt letters. Others have pictures of a shoe or sock or hat to show what the shopman sells, and sometimes a dentist will hang out a string of old teeth as a sign-post. And look here! What is this that looks like a black whip? It's a 'pigtail,' and if you peep inside the shop you'll see a barber at work on John Chinamán's crown, or plaiting his long hair.

Would you like some soup? Here's a man selling it, steaming hot, in the street. He carries it in a bucket, from which he ladles it into basins. You can buy one if you wish, but you will have to drink it as you drink tea at home, for we don't provide spoons in China. Here's another man selling hot meat-puddings. 'Hot puddings! Eat a couple before you go!' he shouts. Next to him is a melon merchant armed with a big knife. He makes quite a hubbub to attract thirsty people, and I fancy he says: 'Come quickly, before the flies eat up all my juicy melons!' 'He will sell you a huge cool slice for half a

farthing. Step aside for this string of market gardeners with bundles of produce that take up nearly the whole width of the street. Listen to the leader of them calling: 'You'll get a knock! You'll get a knock!' which is the Chinese for 'By your leave.'

You are wondering why all the doorways have strips of paper pasted above them on which large Chinese letters are written. The words represent good wishes and greetings. Here are a few rough translations: 'Happiness and wealth,' 'Prosperity all the Seasons,' 'Abundance of Rain and Sun,' 'Leaving, may Happiness meet you,' 'Every time you go out may you see joy,' 'May all on the main street prosper!' This is a good one you will say: 'May the man opposite me get rich.' Isn't it unselfish? But notice that it is posted on a blank wall or an empty house, and the truth is, it was the 'man opposite' who put the paper there! Isn't John Chinaman a funny man!

Though there is much bustle in the street, the people in the shops all seem to be taking things easily, smoking, drinking tea, and chatting. The Chinese have a saying, 'Buy in a hurry and you are sure to lose,' and you shall see why this is.

On our way through the city we will do a little shopping. Let us try the silk shop. We enter, and are at once met by the shopmaster, who salutes us with a bow, which we try to return as gracefully. He invites us into an inner room, bids us be seated, and we each receive a cup of tea, without sugar or milk; and after we have drunk and chatted a little we venture to mention what we require.

The silk is brought and displayed before us by young Chinese boys, the master naming the price. We reflect a little, and then offer about half of what he asks, and thus the bargaining begins. You must not suppose the shopman is vexed because we offer so little. Everybody keeps smiling. He explains how good the silk is, but lowers his price a little. If he at once accepts the price we offered we may be sure that it was more than a fair price; but as a rule our price must gradually rise, while his drops little by little until they meet, when the bargain is struck. This sort of shopping is not easy when one has no clear idea of the value of things, for it may mean paying dearly for things which may not be valuable.

Having finished our purchases we attempt to leave the shop. The master presses us to stay and chat, but seeing we are determined he escorts us to the street, where we bow and separate.

Religious News.

From India comes the news that a great revival has commenced among the heathen in the country of Jaspur. Five or six thousand men, women, and children, are asking for Christian instruction and for preparation for the rite of baptism. The faithful missionaries of the Gossner Missionary Society, who are at work among the heathen in the neighboring districts, have sent twenty-three native helpers to Jaspur that the great opportunity may not slip by unused.

Dr. Arthur Smith finds it increasingly evident that the Centennial Conference of China Missions held last summer in Shanghai is to mark an era in Protestant missions in that empire. As the dominant note of that gathering was unity amid diversity, its results appear in a much greater co-ordination of action than hitherto. Its large standing committees are grappling with the practical missionary problems, which are felt by all workers alike. Preliminary steps to a federation of most Protestant missions have already been taken in three different provinces; there is a prospect that other provinces will follow; although organic unity is not aimed at, such a result may ensue at a later stage.

Work in Labrador.

AN EMERGENCY CALL AND WHAT IT MAY MEAN.

We are now making arrangements for the securing of the new launch for Harrington and looking forward to the interests of a new season's work. In this connection just the kind of field the Harrington work offers and just the kind of difficulties the hospital launch there has to run up against cannot be better described than in the following account of the last trip taken last season by Dr. Hare, in the present sturdy little 'Northern Messenger.'

Dear Mr. Editor,—We had only just arrived safely home after dark from what we had intended to be the 'Northern Messenger's' last trip of the season. We were almost perished with cold, and were covered with ice from the freezing of the spray, so that nobody was overjoyed next morning to find a telegram in waiting with a call to a little harbor settlement a hundred miles west. Of course there was, however, no demur, only a grave weighing of pros and cons. A doubt

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' IN WINTER QUARTERS.

was more than once expressed as to whether we could get there, on account of the young ice forming everywhere. We prepared, nevertheless, to leave the next morning, and were just going aboard to get under way when we had a furious gale of south-west wind and thick driving snow, which made it utterly impossible to leave that day. We did leave, however, the next morning, and our first stop was at the telegraph office, at Point au Maurier, twenty miles away, where I got in touch with my patient. I desired to find out whether or not it was necessary to go up then, not wishing, unless absolutely necessary, to run the risk to the launch from ice. Finding it a case of necessity, we left and dodged along between the rocks and shoals then inside of Wapitigun and on into Wolf Bay, where I wanted to stop and put some parcels on shore for the people who live there in summer. They had now moved inside to the bottom of the bay, but we had sent a message to them to come out after the parcels, so had no fear in leaving them on the doorstep.

While at anchor here we boiled the kettle and had our supper, afterwards deciding to go on all night, as it was fine and moderate. This we did, and made fairly good time until we met the ice when trying to run inside of Romaine Beacon Island. After butting into it three times without any result, we had no alternative but to run outside and shape a course for Kegashka, hoping at the same time that the weather would keep moderate.

By the time we had reached Treble Isle the moon rose and it looked fine, so we set a course to take us clear of all dangers and hoped to make Kegashka point twenty-two miles away, but after running so for two hours the wind sprang up and it began to get very cold. There is no protection whatever for the one who is steering, but we were, of course, dressed for any such weather.

Ice soon began to form on everything that the spray could reach, and as the little boat rolled and pitched, one had to be very careful not to get thrown overboard, as the rail round the deck is only about ten inches in height, and everything one caught hold of was cased in ice.

Before daylight we had run our distance, but were unable to see anything, as the vapor from the water was so thick you could not see the length of the launch. We kept edging in on the land all the time and straining our eyes to try and see something, when just at daylight the dense mists parted for a minute and I saw the tops of some hills and a huge column of vapor rising up near them. This, we judged, could only come from the chute on the Kegashka River four miles beyond the Point that we wanted to make! We still kept in on the land, and after some time found ourselves close ashore and we recognized the place here as one of the portages we make in the winter when travelling on the Komatik, so—to retrace our road and make again for the Point in the thick vapor. Again we passed it and ran too far to the eastward. Hauling in on the land again we made a small island that we knew, and here ran into the Bay. It was almost seven o'clock when we anchored, and the people were very much astonished to see us, not expecting us until the evening.

The point that we tried to make runs shoal for a long distance and one must give it a good berth for fear of getting aground, yet when we were far enough out to clear the shoal ground one could not, for the thick vapor, distinguish anything that looked like land. We left Kegashka as soon as I had treated the sick one, and made all the speed we could (about 4 1-2 miles per hour), in the hope to make Romaine, besides calling in at Big Musquarro to see a couple of families. This we did not quite accomplish. We had instead to make harbor in Fraser's harbor, as it got so dark that we could not see the rocks or shoals.

The next morning we ran into Romaine, where I had a few patients to see, then off again, and finding the passage that was blocked when we came up now free of ice, we were able to run inside of the islands, by dodging the floating pans of ice. At Romaine I met a trader from Quebec who had got ashore with his schooner. He had to unload his cargo and leave the vessel here for the winter, and was just starting to walk to Netashquau with his crew in the hope that the steamer would call there for them. There was nothing we could do for them so we did not delay. This was the last stop on our homeward way, and dark caught us some fifteen miles from our destination, but running by compass we slipped in the western passage and dropped our anchor about nine o'clock, having made the run in about thirty-six hours, including all delays. Since July 23rd, when the launch arrived, she has run one thousand and thirty-nine miles, on her errands of mercy, and throughout all the storms, God had us in His keeping so that no harm all season had befallen us.

The launch was not hauled up out of the water until December 4th, and when blocked up for the winter's rest, she was sheathed all over with about two inches of ice, the result of a heavy silver thaw, or freezing rain. Every strand of rope was as large as a good sized cabbage stump with crystal ice sparkling in the clear sunshine. The sturdy little boat in her rest had become a thing of beauty.

H. MATHER HARE.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1908.

Jesus Appears to the Apostles

John xx., 19-31. Memory verses 19, 20.

Golden Text.

Thomas answered and said unto him, my Lord and my God. John xx., 28.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 1.—John xx., 19-31.
Tuesday, June 2.—Luke xxiv., 33-49.
Wednesday, June 3.—I. Cor., xv., 1-20.
Thursday, June 4.—I. Cor. xv., 21-38.
Friday, June 5.—I. Cor. xv., 39-58.
Saturday, June 6.—Col. iii., 1-17.
Sunday, June 7.—I. Thess. iv., 13; v., 11.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

When you have been adding your sums in school you have often been told by your teacher to prove your answers to see whether they are correct, haven't you? And sometimes when one of the boys has claimed that he can do some clever trick the rest of you have said, 'Well, show us.' You wanted to prove his words. You wanted to see for yourself. There are a great many things that we can prove in this world, but also a great many others that we have to take 'on faith,' that is, that we just have to believe either because we don't know how to prove them or they are what we call history. We can't tell how far the sun is away from us, but there are clever men who can tell, and we just have to believe them. We can't prove that King Alfred ever lived in England, but that is history and we just have to believe it. You remember how we were learning last Sunday about Christ's resurrection from the grave and how he appeared to Mary and the other women who went to the tomb in the early morning. When the women came and told the disciples about it, however, the disciples would not believe. They said 'What nonsense! We never heard of such a thing. You can't prove it.' You see, they wanted to see for themselves before they would believe it, although Jesus had often told them he would rise from the grave just as he did. Well, in the evening, that was Sunday evening, the very day on which Christ had risen, all the disciples were gathered together except Thomas, and they were discussing the wonderful stories heard that day. Mary said she had seen Jesus, the other women too had seen him, Peter had seen him, and two other disciples going to Emmaus had met and talked with him,—could it really be possible that Jesus had risen? Just as they were talking about it, there stood Jesus himself in their midst.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is generally admitted among sober-minded scholars that there is no better attested historical fact than the resurrection of Jesus. And the emphasis placed by the apostles in their writings on the importance of the resurrection in the Christian belief should make us careful to remain firm in our hold to this great truth, in spite of the sophistries of those who would argue it away. Yet among the very disciples themselves it was almost impossible for the fact to gain credence, Thomas remaining in obstinate unbelief even under the overwhelming witness of all the others. It is manifest that the ocular proof of Christ's actual being cannot be given to generation after generation, that those who came after must necessarily accept or reject the fact on the witness of those who proved it at the time, and that is our warrant for the closest study of the proofs presented, the character of the witnesses, and the historical value of the records. The proofs presented were sufficient to satisfy a group of the most prosaic, matter-of-fact unbelievers. Their Master was dead and buried, they had seen that, and the story of the women was greeted with profound contempt. Peter's experience at some time during that wonderful day, the experience of the two disciples who had by now returned from Emmaus with their account of the risen Christ, served indeed to awaken a sort of delirious hope and expectancy, but was not enough to ensure the Saviour on his appearance the joyful recognition that should have been his. Instead the disciples believed that they saw a spirit and were accordingly terrified. The joy came later when the proof had satisfied them of the Saviour's reality. It is notable that Thomas, whose doubt has been turned to valuable service, is made known to us only through John's narrative (John xi., 15, 16; xiv., 4, 5; xx., 24, 25, 26-29); the other Gospels do not mention him. A study of his character even from these few passages, however, reveals him prosaic, obstinate, hard-headed, but withal, loyal and a great lover of Christ. It was the character of the Saviour, rather than his claims that had won him. He was perfectly ready to die with him (John xi., 15, 16), and seems more than the others to have believed that death possible and even likely, but once dead there was nothing for Thomas but to grieve for a lost friend. It could have been no hallucination that induced such a man to cry out in adoration, 'My Lord and my God!' As for the historicity of the records, there is as sound reason for their acceptance as the work of the apostles and their contemporaries as there is for the acceptance of any writings of that date as the work of any particular writer of that time. This quite apart from the question of faith, yet Christ pronounces a special blessing (verse 29) on those whose hearts are not bound up in mere materialism, on those who can exercise this grace of faith without which it is impossible to please God (Heb. xi., 6).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 22. If we are to be the lights of the world, our lamps must be fed with oil. If we are to be Christ's representatives, we must have Christ's life in us. What is the use of a mill full of spindles and looms until the fire-born impulse comes rushing through the pipes? Then they begin to move.—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

Verse 23. Whose soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them, whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained. The great charter which followed the gift, the power of forgiving or retaining sin, must be understood in consonance with the preceding commission and endowment. Christians are 'sent' to proclaim the death and resurrection of Jesus as the destroyer of sin. The sins of those who receive it are remitted, and those of its rejectors are bound more tightly on them. The messengers, therefore, do forgive and retain by the preaching of the Word, and they have the right to tell a man that his sins are forgiven when they hear him profess his faith in the Great Remitter. We have here to do with no mysterious priestly power of absolution, but with the blessed or awful consequences of the acceptance or rejection of the offer of salvation in Jesus.—Alexander Maclaren, in 'S. S. Times.'

'The same heat "softens wax and hardens clay." The message of the Word will either couch a blind eye, and let in the light, or draw another film of obscuration over the visual orb.'—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

Verse 28. 'My Lord and my God!' 'No greater confusion of faith is recorded in the New Testament.'—'Hastings' Bible Dictionary. 'Thomas was privileged, doubter though he was, to fix the faith of Christendom.'—Rev. R. F. Campbell.

Bible References.

Luke xxiv., 13-48; I. Cor., xv., 14, 20; Rom. viii., 11; I. Thess. v., 21; II. Cor. v., 7; I. John iv., 20; II. Cor. v., 18, 20.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 7.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. VI. What is true penitence? Ps. 51. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 1.—Afraid to hear God. Gen. iii., 8-10.

Tuesday, June 2.—How the Ninevites heard. Matt. xii., 41.

Wednesday, June 3.—Hearing and following. John x., 27.

Thursday, June 4.—Careless hearers. Matt. xiii., 19.

Friday, June 5.—Hearing and doing. Luke vi., 47, 48.

Saturday, June 6.—Hearing but not doing. Ezek. xxxiii., 31, 32.

Sunday, June 7.—Topic—Four kinds of hearers. Mark iv., 14-20. (Consecration meeting.)

Keep to Your Purpose.

Having decided upon a definite application of the lesson, let nothing turn you from your purpose. Of course, unexpected questions may arise and discussion of secondary points may be necessary, but through all keep your eye fixed upon the desired end. I have seen migratory birds turned from their direct flight, by the smoke and noise of a city, but with the precision of machinery, they turned again towards the coveted South. I have seen a dog on his way home, hindered by the missiles of a crowd of boys. But, even if compelled to take another street, at the earliest opportunity his head was again turned towards home. Let it be your firm intelligent purpose to apply some essential truth of the lesson and hindrances will be no more to you than an adverse wind to a carrier pigeon that is winging its way home.—The 'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

Winning People's Confidence.

And he came forth, and saw a great multitude, and he had compassion on them, and healed their sick (v. 14) Mr. Spurgeon told how seven people were saved by a smile. A clergyman passed by a window on his way to church. A baby was being dandled there, and he smiled at the baby, and the baby at him. Another time he passed; the baby was there again, and once more he smiled. Soon baby was taken to the window at the hour when he usually passed. They did not know who the gentleman was, but one day two of the older children followed, to see where he went on a Sunday. They followed him to church, and, as he preached in a winning way, they told their father and mother, who felt interested enough in their baby's friend to wish to go. Thus in a short time a godless family that had previously neglected the worship of God was brought to the Saviour because the minister smiled at the baby. Mr. Spurgeon comments on it as follows: 'I never heard of anybody getting to heaven through frowning at the baby, or at any one else.'—'S. S. Times.'

Teach the Little Ones to Give.

It is not hard to teach little ones to give, and they often do it with a more intelligent and loving purpose than their seniors. A dear little girl, not quite six years old, the granddaughter of a former pastor, occasionally visits my mission band. One day she was overheard saying earnestly to her younger sister, 'This morning, Gladys, I put one of my very ownest pennies into the missionary box, because every time I go to the mission band, I hear some lady tell about the poor little heathen girls, and I'm so sorry for them.' Precious indeed, in God's sight, must have been that tiny gift of self-denying love.—Selected.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Temperance

A Modern Drinking Song.

Fill high the bowl with Fusel Oil!
  With Tannin let your cups be crowned!
If Strychnine gives relief to Toil,
  Let Strychnine's generous juice abound!
Let Oil of Vitriol cool your brains,
  Or animated atoms brew—
And fill your arteries, hearts, and veins
  With glee—and infusorial glue!

Vine! That died out in '58—
  What fool would have it back! And how?
The 'cup that will inebriate
  And never cheer,' they sell us now,
The conscious water saw its God
  And blushed.' What of it? Don't you feel
That water knows the drugger's rod,
  And blushes now—with Cochineal!

Ah-h! Fragment fume of Creosote!
  Bewitching bowl of Prussian Blue!
Who would not soothe his parching throat
  With your mild offspring, Mountain Dew?
Stronger than aught that racked the frame
  And shook the mighty brain of Burns,
Surely ye'll set our heads aflame,
  Whene'er his festal day returns?

Bring on the Beer—fresh Copperas foam!
  With alum mixed in powder fine,
How could my foolish fancy roam
  In search of whiter froth than thine?
Thy Indian Berry's Essence spread
  Through amber wavelets, sparkling clear,
Benumbs dull care—strikes Feeling dead—
  And narcotizes Shame and Fear.

Far down thy bubbling depths, Champagne!
  Drown'd honor, love, and beauty lie—
They fought th' unequal fight in vain—
  Shall we, too, merely drink—and die?
Sweet Acetate of Lead, forbid!
  Fill every drink with pangs—and tell
What tortures could—and always did—
  Anticipate the stings of hell!

Then drink, boys! drink! We never can
  Drink younger! And we never will
Be men—or aught resembling man—
  While poisoners have the power to kill!
Amen! From Frenzy's screech of mirth
  To maudlin Sorrow's driveling flow,
We'll rave through scenes unmatched one
  And not to be surpassed below!
—'Alliance News.'

Is it True That all Teetotalers Are 'Molly Coddles?'

The day has gone by when total abstainers could be dismissed with a cheap sneer, and public men, as a rule, do not judge it wise to antagonize them by any ill-directed and untimely abuse. Quite a little flutter occurred in certain parts of the temperance ranks in the United States, a few days ago, by the report from Washington that Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the national pure food department, had, in a public address, chosen to characterize total abstainers as 'molly coddles,' and had said that it would be a sorry day for the country if liquor were banished, and that a young man should drink whisky to give him nerve, self-reliance, etc. The report bore its refutation on the face of it, but Dr. Wiley has chosen to give a public reply to the canard, and to make sure that it would not be garbled he has put it in writing. He says:

'I said I believed the general effect of alcohol on mankind was wholly bad; that it was bad even in small quantities; that if distilled beverages, such as whiskey, brandy and rum had any good effects, they are due to the fact that the aromatic and fragrant substances therein stimulated the digestive secretions and thus overcame, to a certain extent, the bad effect of the alcohol they contained. I further said that I was in theory a prohibitionist, but that there were practical difficulties in the way of prohibition, and that the better plan would be to abolish the saloons, and that if the people wanted to drink distilled beverages they should do so quietly at their homes and with their foods, and not in saloons. I did not suggest, nor advise young men to drink liquor of any kind, but said it was always bad.'

The fifteen millions of men in the United States who do not use intoxicating liquor can now breathe more freely. They are not 'molly coddles.' Let us be thankful!—Selected.

Why He Hates the Saloon.

The editor of the New York 'National Advocate' of temperance says he had the privilege, on a Sunday in February, of preaching in the First Baptist Church of Binghampton, N.Y., and 'at the close of the service a gentleman came to him, with tears filling his eyes, and asked the question: "Do you know, sir, why I am opposed to the saloon?' I told him that I would really like to know. He answered: "Out of my Sunday School class, during the many years I have taught it, seven young men have entered the ministry; but seventeen have been ruined by liquor. Do you wonder that I hate the saloon?"' And then the preacher exclaims: 'Oh, may God give every one of us increased zeal in our effort to abolish the accursed thing!'—to which we are ready to say, Amen, and to remind the boys and men among our readers of this saying of king Solomon: 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging (or, "a brawler"); and whosoever is deceived ('erreth," or "reeleth") thereby is not wise.'—Prov. xx., 1. Let it alone, and keep out of the saloon.

Great Men and Alcohol.

'I was spending,' says a writer, 'a few hours with Lord Charles Beresford, who is an old friend of mine, on his flagship one day week. I asked him how he found total abstinence agreed with him, and he, who looks absolutely the "fittest" man I ever saw, replied, "Admirably; never better in my life."

'"In the old days, if I took a 'nightcap,' it was bound to make me drowsy and sleepy. Now that I touch nothing, I am as clear as a bell. I am 60 years of age. I go to bed at 12.30, and get up again at six o'clock every morning. It makes all the difference to a man physically and mentally."

'Two or three years ago Judge Rentoul told me the following incident in connection with his own early experience as a barrister: "I was dining with a well-known physician once, and he pressed me to share a bottle of champagne.

'"I cannot," I replied; "I have to do some special work when I get home."

'"Rubbish! It'll do you all the good in the world. What work is it you are compelled to do at this hour?'

'"I have to draw up that statement of yours."

'"My dear fellow, why on earth didn't you say so before? Not a drop of anything except lemonade or plain water shall you have in this house to-night!"

'Last year, when Colonel Barrington-Foote quitted the post he had filled so admirably as head of the Kneller College training establishment of army bandsmen, he told me that, out of 180 of the young men, he had induced no fewer than 140 of them to become total abstainers, "and they are fitter in every way, and more mentally active."'—Selected.

Does Alcohol Relieve Pain?

Life is so full of suffering of mind and body that if there is anything which has the power to blunt the sharp tooth of pain and 'to pluck from the memory the rooted sorrow,' you may be quite sure that there are immense numbers of people in the world who will give anything to obtain this 'sweet oblivious antidote.' Yes, Alcohol can do this; but, oh, what a terribly heavy fee he charges for it!

Alcohol, as you have learned already, is a narcotic or stupifier—in big doses; and before the use of chloroform was discovered, if a poor sufferer had to undergo some painful operation, the surgeon would often, in kindness, make his patient drunk with brandy so as to deaden the agony of the knife.

Thank God for chloroform and ether today, so that we have no excuse for going back to Alcohol for such a purpose. The world's maxim is, 'Give wine to him that is of a heavy heart; let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.' Yes, that is very well over night, but how do things appear next morning? What about the dry mouth, and loathing of food, the dull headache and irritable temper, the settled gloom of spirits, and the pungent sting of conscience? Ah! Alcohol, you are no true friend in trouble; you are a liar! Can we wonder that two out of every three of the thousands of suicides committed every year in our country are the result of drink? —Dr. R. M. Boodle, in 'The Young Abstainer.'

Gratitude.

Months ago I was conducting a great mission in Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland. Within the largest building in the city three thousand were gathered. One night as I worked my way through the crowd, I felt a hand tugging at my coat. I thought it the plea of one who wanted to get in with me, and for a few seconds I paid no heed. But the tug became insistent, I stopped, and there beside me stood a little Scotch lassie, clad in rags, and in her uplifted hands was something wrapped in tissue paper, moist and grimy from the clutch of her hand.

'What is it, my dear?' I asked. And she said, 'I want you to have my candy.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Oh, sir,' she cried, 'we've got a new daddy! He's never been sober till Saturday. We've never known him to be sober. He was in your meeting on Saturday and it's so wonderful now.'

And didn't I take her candy, and didn't I take her in my arms? Men, it was worth living a lifetime for that minute.—Gipsy Smith.

FLAGS for HOME and SCHOOL.

CANADIANS ABROAD WANT THEM.

It is not only at home in Canada that 'Witness' readers are being stimulated by our Flag campaign to provide themselves with good Canadian flags, either through our Free Flag Offer or in other ways; but Canadians abroad are interested and are seeking to secure a flag for their foreign home. Only those who for years have resided in a foreign country without their own flag can understand the deep emotion with which the exile, homeward bound, first catches sight of his country's emblem, waving, perchance, from the mast of some vessel in the harbor. And a good flag in these foreign homes would prove a real source of comfort, and would serve to foster in the minds of children growing up there a feeling of love and respect for the land of their fathers which they, perhaps, have never seen.

It has been a pleasure to us thus to supply a number of Canadians abroad with good flags and in every case these flags have given great satisfaction. The latest of these acknowledgments has just come to hand from China, and we give the following extract:

Shanghai, China.

The Canadian Flag which I ordered from you has arrived safely and is eminently satisfactory. In fact, one gets in the habit of being satisfied with your productions, they are all of such a high quality.

JAS. H. WALLACE, Y.M.C.A.

We shall be pleased to treat with any of our readers who want a good flag either for their homes or for their schools. These flags may be obtained WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY, by our special plan; and the quality of the flags themselves may be relied on absolutely. We guarantee satisfaction.

There is still time with prompt action to get one for Empire Day. Your school closing exercises would have a long-to-be-remembered interest if the pupils secured a good flag and presented it to the school on that occasion. Many schools have done just that. Why not yours?

Our flag department will promptly answer all enquiries, and send our flag cards, and all helps needed.

Address: Flag Dept., JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

G. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I can see a coal mine and the sea from the windows of this house. I do not go to school yet, but I do my primer at home with mother. I want to be a doctor when I am a man, because I am going to find out everything if I can. I like those stories in the 'Northern Messenger' that mother reads to me, for I can't read just yet, as I am only four. I do a lesson every day except Sunday and Saturday.

Your little friend,
ASTLEY CAMPBELL.

C. Sta., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little cousin Melville. He was two years old, when one day last summer he got lost. At eleven o'clock in the morning he was playing round the door. His mother went to get the dinner, and he started to go to his father who was working in the field. Melville got very near his father and turned back and followed a path which led to a large bush where there was a cow path. He kept on this till he came near to my grandpa's, which is nearly a mile and a half from his home. When his father came home for dinner his mother found that he had not seen Melville. She ran out at once and looked about, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then they started to look for him. His father went to tell a neighbor and looked every place they could think. The neighbor went to the school to tell the teacher to let the school out. People came and they hunted all round everywhere, but could not find him. They thought that he could not be found that night as it was getting so late. There were some men coming to look for him, and they did not go very far past my grandpa's when they saw him coming along the path. It was about six o'clock in the evening when they got him.

LYLA McD. S.

L. R., Que.

Dear Editor,—I received the two premiums and thank you for your kindness. I will try to do better the next time. It rained quite a little last night. We are going to have a May party the first night of May and have a bonfire too, and we will have fun. I hope we will have a nice night. Our school begins the 4th of May, and my girl's penknife will be just the thing for school. Sunday afternoon we went to the woods and found some May flower buds. Saturday at 2 o'clock we went to a sugaring off and had lots of fun. It will be the last sugaring off this season that we will go to.

FLORA M. GILBERT.

G. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am in the sixth grade at school and my brother is the teacher. There are twenty-four attending. We had a concert in our schoolhouse and I had part in a few dialogues and recitations. We have a hen that brought out chickens the seventeenth of November. They are all alive yet and are growing well.

CATHERINE McPHERSON.

R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have no school now, as there aren't enough children in our district, my brother and I are the only ones to go. I have taken about three-quarters of music lessons on the piano, but I am not taking them now. I have a canary bird that is a great singer and my brother has two dogs. I think the answer to Wm. R. Campbell's riddle (February 28th) is 'Courtship.' I am sending a puzzle: stand take to takings
I you throw my

SADIE M. COBURN.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We generally keep about 100 hives of bees, but last spring was very hard on them, so we have not got so many now. We grow quite a lot of fruit, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, thimbleberries, pears, peaches, grapes, plums, gooseberries and apples. We have a nice sized apple orchard. I have hemstitched two handkerchiefs, knitted two shawls and am making a quilt now.

FLORENCE McPHEE.

P. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Parry Sound is a very pretty place on the Georgian Bay. We moved here about four months ago, and my papa is building a house here. We have had lots of snow here this month. I expect to be able to go bathing in the lake in summer.

ALLAN H.

L. R., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday School has been kind to us and has given us the 'Northern Messenger' for the year. I like the paper very much. We have two pretty little kittens, black and white. I like grey kittens very much. I am home from school now, as I had my arm vaccinated. There was not much skating this winter, but I can skate, and like to very much. I have two sisters teaching school and three brothers at home.

ALICE M. OGILVIE.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen a letter from this part of Quebec for a long time, so I thought I would write one. I attend Sunday School, and last year I received a pretty hymn book for regular attendance. I am in the fourth reader and go to school for four months in the summer, but last winter I went to a French school.

JENNETTE MacK.

M., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I have lots of fun watching the trains coming in and out, as we live near the station and right in sight of the big lake. We have a big boat on the lake called the 'Lady of the Lake.' My baby sister is 11 months old.

GLADICE CROTHERS (age 7).

V., B.C.

Dear Editor,—We came out here a year ago. This is a very pretty place. We have lots of pretty flowers now. I am just getting over chicken-pox. I have two sisters, and both of them have chicken-pox now. I won a certificate for Bible verses at Sunday School. It was very pretty. We have ten chickens and expect more in two or three days.

BESSIE B. LAYTON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Good Steed.' O. B. Seale (age 10), M. L., P. Que.
2. 'Our Jack.' Alice Wearne, S., P. Que.
3. 'Horse.' Harvey Wallace (age 7), E., Sask.
4. 'Nelson.' Harley McAskill, S. P., C.B.
5. 'A Bureau.' Flora G. Gilbert (age 8), L. R., P. Que.
6. 'Our Maud.' Cecil L. Sherrard (age 9), S. G., N.B.
7. 'Potatoes.' W. E. McBain, A., Ont.
8. 'Bird.' Alice P. Ogilvie (age 13), L. R., P. Que.
9. 'Black Diana.' Violet Plaine, N., Ont.
10. 'Our Backyard.' Mabel E. A. Seale, M. L., P. Que.
11. 'Indian Encampment.' Mira Campbell (age 13), C. F., Ont.
12. 'A Cottage by the Mountains.' L. W. Postil (age 9), P., Ont.
13. 'Royal William.' Charlie Young, Toronto.
14. 'Allan and Sport.' Hilda Field (age 11), Montreal.
15. 'Ready for School.' Marjorie L. Barteaux (age 11), W., N.S.

OTHER LETTERS.

Margaret E. Lloyd, Quebec, writes, 'I am staying here for the summer and live quite near the Plains of Abraham, so we will be able to see the Prince when he comes. I like Quebec very much.'

Grace and Pearl Stirton, S., Ont., send little letters. Grace says, 'The woods are near our house, so we get flowers nearly every day.' Pearl has found that 'There is a woodchuck in the hill near our house.'

Beatrice Turner, W., Ont., has not been to school for over four months. 'I have been quite ill.' Too bad, Beatrice, but we hope the summer will make a big difference in that.

S. G. Stamnas, Smyrna, Turkey, sends a story which will be published later.

Edward Dyer, S., P. Que., tells about an exciting ball game between the home team and a visiting team, the home team winning in a score of 13 to 12. No wonder 'continual excitement reigned,' as he reports.

Graham S. Greenough, M. G., N.S., says, 'While I am writing to the 'Messenger' my mother is away helping with a quilt to send to Dr. Grenfell the missionary in Labrador. Last year my little sister got three diplomas at Sunday School.'

One of our artists asks, 'Shall we draw on cardboard?' No, much better not. Draw on plain white paper. Medium sized drawings, neither very large or very small, are best. Don't color your drawing and don't expect to see it 'in next week's paper.' Each drawing must wait its time.

May Willard, L. R., P. Que., wants to know about original stories. We do print them sometimes May, and will be pleased to, if they are not too long to go on the correspondence page. You know we have so many correspondents (and are glad to hear from them all) that we have to see one does not have too much room and crowd others out.

We have also had little letters from Effie L., L. S., Ont.; Ivan G. Jenkins, F., Man.; Glen Elder, H., P.E.I., and Archie McHarg, M. H., P. Que. All riddles in any of these letters have either been asked before or sent without answers.

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Old Desire.

(C. W. Dawson, in the 'Worker' and Other Poems.')

O to be as Christ was in happy Galilee,
To walk the world with healing and hands of charity,
To suffer with each cripple till our love should make him straight,
O to be as Christ was, and die without the gate.

If we had His compassion, what comfort we could make
For those in dread of dying upon some storm-tossed lake,
To walk, in spite of tempests, in the valleys of the dea,
And spend our strength for sinners in deeds of sympathy.

O to be as Christ was, to die upon a Cross
In some obscurest country, nor count our dying loss,
If only by our dangering one bondsman might be free,
And turn again from sighing to the fields of Galilee.

The House of Lords.

(By Emma S. Allen, in the 'Classmate.')

'I can't go,' declared Irene, quietly but firmly. 'My music class would go to pieces.'

'And I won't go,' said Delia, not so quietly but even more firmly. She had no music class to 'go to pieces,' but she had plans for a gay winter which she had no mind to set aside for a dull season in a 'stupid parsonage.'

'Then it will have to be Florence,' said Mrs. Hill, who had yet a remnant of authority left in her household, which she usually expended on her youngest daughter. What Irene 'could not' and Delia 'would not' do invariably fell to Florence's portion.

'O, mamma!' she pouted. 'You always poke me into disagreeable places where the girls won't go. If it were an invitation to some gay, delightful place in the same city they'd jump at the chance to go East for the winter, and let everything go to pieces here at home. But, of course, I must be the one to go to the "House of Lords," for a horrid, solemn visit in a—a parsonage!'

If she had spoken of the State prison, or a reform school, her tone could not have been more hopeless. Irene laughed, and reached over the corner of the breakfast table to pat her hand.

'Pretty good, Flo—the "House of Lords"!' she exclaimed. 'What would our uncle, Rev. Dr. Lord, think of such a flippant allusion to his abiding place? He'd preach a sermon to you on the spot.'

'Sermon!' groaned Florence. 'It'll be all sermon, I suppose, for three months. The idea of a Hill girl in a parsonage!'

'O, well, it may not be so dreadfully dull, Flo,' her father said, consolingly, as he rushed away to business. 'Your Aunt Mary, my sister, was a jolly girl before she married a minister. Perhaps she hasn't lost all of her fun. Write that you'll come and stay until you get home-sick. It's the least you can do. They seem so very anxious to have one of you girls in their childless home—and we've put them off so many times, I suppose they concluded a free ticket was the only thing that would bring you.'

But Florence did not 'cheer up' readily, even after the letter of her acceptance was dispatched to the 'House of Lords.' The packing of her small trunk did not tend particularly to 'cheerfulness,' for into it went none of the new and dainty gowns she had dreamed of wearing that winter at her 'coming out' in Clintonville society.

'You'll need nothing like an evening gown at a parsonage, of course,' Delia remarked as she put Florence's 'Sunday best' gray nun's veiling and a pink silk waist in the top tray 'for an emergency.'

'And so you can have an extra new one,' said Florence, spitefully. 'Well, I've got my new travelling suit, anyway—and it's a dear. I've made up my mind to enjoy the trip, going and coming, for all it's worth, and make the most of both sides of the dullness in the middle.'

Seated in her Pullman section, with the beautiful autumnal scenery flashing past her window, Florence gave herself up to the delights of the journey unreservedly.

'After all,' she reflected, 'what do we know about ministers—and parsonages—and churches? Maybe—maybe they're not so dreadful as we think.'

True enough—what did the Hills know of that broader world entirely beyond their own narrow limits? Lukewarm interest in religious matters, in the early married life of the parents, had cooled into indifference before the little girls came into their home, and been frozen to death before they were half grown.

A day and a night, and until the afternoon of the second day, Florence sped eastward, so absorbed in all she saw that the dismal picture of her journey's end had almost faded from her mind by the time the train rumbled into the grand central depot. But it came back with the first emotion of homesickness, as she left her cozy section, regretfully, and stepped out into the noisy crowds of the great city.

She had never seen a picture of her Uncle William, for Aunt Mary's letters had long lain unanswered and finally ceased coming altogether, until Dr. Lord's transfer, a year ago, to the large uptown city church, when she had renewed the attempt, unsuccessfully, to elicit a fragment of correspondence with her brother's family.

'Tall and lank, of course,' Florence said to herself, as she waited, 'to be identified, 'and solemn as a tombstone—in a frock coat buttoned to his chin; and he'll hire a cab, or a hack, or something shut up, and stiffly say, "Be seated, my child."'

About all poor Florence knew, personally, of ministers was what a few meagre glimpses of them at occasional funerals of friends had revealed to her, for on Sunday mornings they always slept late, breakfasted at ten, and then devoted the afternoon to riding and visiting and the evening to amusements.

No wonder she felt something like an electric shock when a big, handsome man of forty-five or fifty, dressed as other men dress, stepped before her with outstretched hands and a smile as bright and warm as June sunshine, exclaiming:

'Ah, here you are—the girl in the blue tailor gown your letter told me to look for—my niece, Miss Florence Hill.'

Her hands were held in two warm, welcoming ones, and a pair of merry blue eyes looked down into her glowing face with an almost boyish twinkle.

'You look as your mother did twenty years ago, at Mary's and my wedding—that's how I happened to know you so quickly,' he said, laughing. 'Now, give me your checks, dear—and come to the phaeton.'

He himself untied his beautiful bay mare, 'Nancy Lee,' and drove spinning away from the depot into the wide smooth avenues, handling the queenly, mettlesome animal with the skill of an expert horseman.

Florence stole a sidelong glance at the fine, clear-cut profile beside her, shaded by the soft hat of gray felt, and her heart swelled with pride. At least, Uncle Will and 'Nancy Lee' were not 'dull and stupid,' whatever the 'parsonage' might have in store.

'Here we are, at the "House of Lords,"' said the voice that had been chatting sociably in her ears, block after block, all through the half-hour drive across the city into the most beautiful residence section.

Florence laughed gayly. 'Why, that's what I called your home—the "House of Lords,"' she said, and then caught her breath, in delight.

That beautiful gray stone building, matching the magnificent church on the corner—a 'parsonage!' It surpassed Clintonville's 'finest residences.'

Uncle Will waved his hand proudly, yet reverently, toward his beloved church.

'And that,' he said, softly, 'is the "Lord's House." I welcome you to both. There is Aunt Mary at the door.'

He drove into the wide driveway, waving his hand to the graceful, slender woman on the veranda, and in a moment more Florence had completely forgotten her dismal mind picture of a 'parsonage.' Afterward, she tried to recall the distorted vision, but its dissolution was complete.

The beautiful reality of the lovely rooms, filled with treasures of art gathered abroad, made her wonder that night, as she sat in her dainty room, if all her conceptions of life were as far below the highest ideal as this ugly dream had been. And then the thought came to her, would the heaven beyond this life, of which she knew or cared as little about as she had about 'ministers' and 'parsonages,' be as sweet and wonderously beautiful a surprise to her?

A chill swept her heartstrings. What if she failed to reach it? What if her life's journey, so wholly set in another direction, were on the wrong road—hers—and her sisters'—and her father's and mother's? What marvellous new country was that into which she had caught a faint, passing glimpse as she knelt—for the first time in her life—in prayer, and listened to the happy, trustful words on Uncle Will's lips, in the library, in 'evening prayers?'

During the days that followed she could not write home how happy she was, or of the new, glad delights opening for her enjoyment at every turn; but her brief letters, written hurriedly between visiting and driving and 'sight seeing,' puzzled the Hills a good deal.

'I'm so glad the poor child is finding it nicer than we expected.' Delia remarked, half regretfully. 'That afternoon in the art gallery, and dinner afterward at Judge Somebody's, was hardly what Flo expected, I guess.'

'And that symphony concert at Music Hall must have been fine,' mused Irene. 'I didn't suppose a minister would dream of taking her to even such things. But when she's seen all the galleries and libraries and parks, and heard a concert or two, they'll think they've done enough for her, and then the humdrumness will settle down.'

And the poor girls, who believed all pleasures to be summed up in their meagre catalogue of 'amusements,' went about arranging the card tables for a little party of friends they had asked in for Sunday evening.

That same Sabbath night, far away in the Eastern city, Florence found herself, in company with one of the new girl friends who were rapidly making her feel at home among them, in a large lower room of her uncle's great church. It was crowded to the doors with young people from every walk of life, assembled together in a glad service of prayer and praise. Up to this evening she had shyly declined her uncle's breezy invitations to attend the 'League'—whatever that was—feeling that she must draw the line at prayer meetings.

At the close of such a happy hour as she had never dreamed was possible, among a crowd of bright, animated young people in a 'prayer meeting,' the young president announced, to her surprise, an 'at home' at the parsonage Friday evening, December 15, 'in honor of the niece of our pastor and his wife—hours, from eight to eleven.'

'Now, Uncle Will, I suppose that will be another delightful surprise for me,' she said to him after church service, as she helped him into his overcoat in the study—'the reception for me Friday evening.'

'O,' he laughed, looking tenderly down into her bright eyes. 'Then the League, too, was a delightful surprise?'

'It was fine,' the girl said, seriously. 'They were all so jolly and sociable afterward, too—and didn't make me feel as though I were a cat in a strange garret, as I expected they would.'

Aunt Mary and two or three of the 'sisters' stood just outside the study planning to pack a missionary box for the frontier the next day.

'We'll come around at one o'clock to help you, dear,' they said, one of them announcing that she would drive about all the forenoon collecting donations.

'I really believe,' said Aunt Mary, 'that

we'll have enough to fill another box—for the Montana missionary, who wrote of such dire need.'

Every day since her arrival, three weeks before, Florence had been expecting the 'dullness' to settle down and enfold her; now she was sure it was coming, with the packing of missionary boxes in the parsonage basement.

But Monday evening found her an enthusiastic convert to the missionary spirit, for she had had the jolliest afternoon since she came East.

'Dear me, girls,' she scribbled home that evening, 'a parsonage is the liveliest place I ever got into, and Uncle Will is a whole ocean full of life and gladness. He and Aunt Mary are to give an "at home" in my honor next Friday evening, and the "four hundred" are invited—that is the four hundred members of the Young People's Society—hours "from eight to eleven." Imagine me standing in the front parlor, beside their "Lordships"—"receiving"—in that old gray cashmere and pink waist that you said would be "good enough for a dull parsonage." But I don't care, for, O girls! it seems as though I'd slipped off the earth into a new world, where dress isn't the first, last, and only thing that's worth while. I feel as though I'd been lifted up into a high place where I am getting my first wide view of real living. Thank you, girls, for making me come to the "House of Lords."'

On Saturday morning she sat with her cloak and furs on in the library, and wrote a hurried letter while waiting for a sleeping pastor.

'The "at home" was a grander and jollier and brighter one than any I ever went to; the girls were sweeter and happier, it seemed to me, and the young men more delightful and sincere than the ones in our world. Aunt Mary had a surprise for me in a lovely new dress of cream-white albatross, all ready to put on. She stole my measure and had it made on the sly, and Uncle Will gave me a bouquet of exquisite pink roses. Half a dozen of the girls served ice cream and cake in the dining-room, and three or four others served tea, Japanese style, in the library.

'Here comes the sleigh. A dozen of us are going on a fifteen-mile ride to some suburban church to a—but you wouldn't know if I told you what a "League" is. I've just found out myself, and I like it—and I'm going to join it. Say, girls, you might get up early some Sunday morning and go to church and Sunday School and six o'clock "League," and church again in the evening—just to see if you can imagine the kind of happy life I'm living—in the "dull parsonage."'

Florence never forgot that day—the long, merry ride over the sparkling snow; the sumptuous dinner served the hungry visitors by the jolly young people who acted as hosts and hostesses; the wide-awake meeting in the afternoon, with its earnest addresses and bright debates; the bountiful supper served in the same cheerful lower room where they had dined, with its 'toasts' and responses; and at last the glorious praise and testimony service in the evening, crowned by the moonlight ride homeward, when the glad young voices floated out over the snow in a sweet chorus of Gospel songs.

It was in that hour, while her companions were singing 'Whiter than snow,' that Florence experienced the first deep, holy longing of her life—the yearning after God. Instinctively her hand crept into May Ripley's, and she threw her sweet alto voice shyly into the refrain, 'Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

Her uncle met her at the hall door of home and unfastened her wraps, and Aunt Mary had hot chocolate waiting for her.

'Well, dear, did you enjoy the day?' he asked, as he led her into the warm library and placed a chair for her before the blazing grate.

'O, Uncle Will,' said Florence, softly, tears glistening in her uplifted eyes, 'it's been beautiful—a regular "white day." It's all beautiful here in your world—even the common things of life—but to-day—has been—'

Her faltering words and eager face told the good man all that was struggling for utterance in the awakening young soul.

'A "white day," dear?' he repeated, gently. 'Make it the whitest day of your life, Florence, by giving your heart to the Saviour now. Yes,' and he looked searchingly and tenderly into her true eyes, 'I see it in your face—you have come into the kingdom. Now, dear, while you sip your chocolate and get warm, I'll read to you what John says in Revelation about the "white stone" and the "new name" in the foreheads of God's children, and about "walking with him in white." Why, bless you, dear, Mary and I have been praying for the dawn of this "white day" ever since you came to the—the "House of Lords."'

It was the little Oxford Bible he gave her that night, after writing her name and the happy date of her "white day" on its spotless fly-leaf, that Irene and Delia picked up the Sunday after Florence's return home late in the following spring—for somehow the 'winter' had stretched almost into summer at the parsonage. Florence herself was down stairs getting an early breakfast to lure her mother and sisters into the new pathway to church service.

'We'll have to go to please the dear child, she seems so beautifully happy over something or other,' said Irene, to whom life was getting insipid with 'sameness.'

Delia went on scanning the marked verses for a few moments, and then closed the book with a sigh.

'If I thought six months in a parsonage would make me as happy and contented as it has Flo, who used to be all spunk and pouts, I'd start for the "House of Lords" to-morrow,' she said.

Florence, who had run up to tell them the muffans were 'in,' heard the speech.

'Girls,' she said, softly, with sweet yearning in her face, 'it wasn't the parsonage that did it. You don't need to go to the "House of Lords" for admission into—into God's country. The Lord's house is everywhere—and wide open—if we'll only go in.'

Of Course, Papa Dear.

'There's a button off my overcoat, Molly. Can you put it on for me?'

'Why, of course, papa, dear.' The answer came so promptly, and Molly's hand patted her father's sleeve so affectionately that almost any one who listened would have been astonished a few days later to hear him say, 'By the way, Molly, that button isn't sewed on yet.'

Molly gave a little, horrified cry. 'Oh, you poor, patient papa! How neglectful I have been. I will surely sew it on to-night.' But she was so absorbed in her shadow embroidery that she forgot it again, and her father stopped at the tailor's next night and the button was sewed on. As for Molly, she forgot that she had forgotten, and never thought about the button again.

Kind words sound sweetly in a father's ear, we may be sure, but when they are coupled with continual forgetfulness there is a jar in the music. It is the girl who remembers father's requests and anticipates his wishes whose loving words always ring true.—Selected.

The Three Ways.

Yesterday it had been almost like winter. Even when school began that morning there had been a frosty tang in the wind that always met you on the school-house hill; but before noon the sun had drunk up the mists, and by the time school was out the air that fanned the children's flushed cheeks was soft as summer.

'I guess it blows from "India's coral strand," said Norma, swinging her hood by its strings and letting the warm breeze lift the loose locks on her forehead. 'Come, girls, let's go and hunt for violets; I know a place where there were oceans and oceans of them last year.'

They all started off on a run, but at the foot of the hill Norma turned in at a broad, white gate, 'I'll just leave my books and catch up with you,' she called back.

'How sweet it smells!' she sighed. Pausing on the porch where she had laid her books, she dropped down on the step and looked about her. A feathery puff of white lifted above the stone wall caught her eye. 'I declare if the wild cherry hasn't come out!' Springing up, she started to run across the yard, but before she got out of earshot a voice checked her flight.

'Is that you, Norma?' her mother called from the kitchen door; 'I'm glad you've come. Aunt Jane's been waiting all the afternoon to have some one hold her yarn for her so's she can finish those stockings she's in such a hurry to send to your Uncle Oren. I was too busy—there's a new calf at the barn, and—'

'A new calf!' interrupted Norma, ecstatically, 'oh, let me go and see it.'

'I ought to have known better than to tell you that, oughtn't I?' said her mother, smiling. 'You'll see it all in good time; it's asleep now. But first go in and hold that yarn for Aunt Jane, that's a good girl. The poor old lady's been waiting till she's in a fidget.'

Her mother turned back into the kitchen, and Norma walked very slowly to the place where she had left her books; but instead of picking them up, she dropped down again on the step and let her eyes follow the girls who were winding down the road. May Bello turned and beckoned; Norma waved back, and the girls went on.

'I wouldn't mind so much,' thought Norma, her heart swelling rebelliously, 'if it weren't the very first day of summer. It'll never be the first day again—not for a whole long, long year anyway. Why couldn't Aunt Jane wait just until to-morrow? She would, if I asked her to,' she acknowledged; 'but I'd have to tell mother, and I know how she'd look at me.'

'Oh, I suppose I'll do it,' she muttered angrily, after a moment of frowning reflection. 'I'll hold that yarn because I think I ought to, and I'll hate doing it every single minute; I'll look around that hateful old room—it'll be too hot, and smell of sage tea, and there'll be medicine tumblers on the table—and I'll think of the nice, cool woods, all sweet and spicy, and the violets tucked down under their leaves. It'll almost make me hate Aunt Jane, and she'll know it—they always do.

'Mother knows when I feel that way, of course; she knows everything, but she only looks sorry. And the girls know it, but they get mad, so that isn't so bad. The baby knows it for all he's so little, when I have to take care of him and don't want to. He looks at me just as queer! And Fido knows it when I have to leave something I'm interested in and go to let him in or let him out. He squints up at me out of the corner of his eye and once he growled.'

Norma seemed to see a long procession of grieved or angry faces all turning to look at her over averted shoulders.

'It's better not to do things at all than to do them that way,' she decided. 'People will forget that I didn't do what they wanted easier than they can forget the way I did it. I won't do it!' she ended, drawing a long breath; 'I won't go in and hold that yarn. If I run I can overtake the girls.'

But scarcely had she risen to her feet when a quavering voice from the half-open door arrested her.

'Mother said you'd come in and hold my yarn for me, Norma,' said Aunt Jane, resting on her cane and peering out into the yard, from beneath her pushed-up spectacles.

She was Norma's great-aunt and the oldest woman in the village, but she was always busy with some piece of work, and it was as great a trial for her to be checked in her knitting now, as it would have been years before to run against an obstacle in the full swing of some household undertaking.

A hint of anxiety was in her voice and in the shrewd eyes that rested on Norma. But in a moment a smile broke up the puckered lines of the old face.

'It is too nice to stay indoors,' Aunt Jane agreed, edging a little further into the sunshine and shading her eyes with her hand. 'The cherry tree an' all!' she murmured, happily; 'I didn't know as I'd ever see it again. It don't matter a mite about the yarn,' she went on, turning to Norma; 'I wouldn't have thought of bothering anybody, only it's

tangled up so a chair wouldn't do. But you run along now an' play.'

'I know she wants it,' thought Norma, covering her hesitation by an onslaught upon a dandelion that had pushed its yellow disk through the matted grass. 'She wants that yarn just as much as I wanted to go for violets. If I'd really rather go in and hold it for her than go with the girls, that wouldn't be the same as doing it when I didn't want to.'

'I'm coming, Aunt Jane,' she announced, jumping up. 'I'd just as lieve. I just want to get you a bunch of cherry blossoms first.' And she darted across the grass at full speed, feeling as if she were borne on the wings of her new impulse.

It wasn't even very tiresome holding the yarn, though it was so badly tangled that it took a long time. Norma sat waving her extended arms now this way, now that, wondering dreamily how it would have been if she had gone off to the woods instead, the way she meant to. Father, mother, Will, Aunt Jane, even—she could see them all looking at her with stern or sorry eyes as she stared into the green haze that filtered through the lilac leaves pressed close against the south window.

'Are you tired, dearie?' asked Aunt Jane, looking up and smiling.

And suddenly all the other faces smiled, too; and the little room seemed pleasanter and sunnier tha nit was even out there on the grass under the cherry trees, and filled with the perfume of the white blossoms.

'It's sweet, isn't it?' said Norma.

'Yes, child,' said the old woman, smiling into the fresh up-turned face; 'it's spring.'—Helen Palmer in 'Congregationalist.'

'Beaton's Folly.'

(By Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Good-by, David! Be sure you bring me good news to-night!'

David Beaton smilingly waved in recognition of his mother's injunction. But he did not feel much like smiling. He was starting for the city, where he had expected to call at the offices of the Alabama Railway, and make an application for appointment as and operator at some station.

For three years he had been a helper about the home station. Eager for work, and quick to learn, he had soon become familiar with all the duties, and had frequently taken Mr. Dunlap's place. In fact, Mr. Dunlap had told him a year before that he was entirely capable of running a station, and had offered to recommend him for appointment.

But David had been content to wait. He was only seventeen when Mr. Dunlap made his suggestion; and it had not then become necessary for him to go to work. There were only his invalid mother and himself in the family, and Mrs. Beaton had always enjoyed a sufficient income from a small property.

When, however, that property was swept away, David realized that he must become the breadwinner. Remembering Mr. Dunlap's offer, David asked him to write in his behalf to the general offices of the road. When two weeks passed without a reply, the young man determined to make his application in person.

At first he felt quite bold as he thought of the visit to the general manager. But now that he was actually about to begin his journey, he was not so sure of the outcome. What if the manager should tell him he was too young? What if he should be asked some questions too hard to be answered at once? What if——

But he squared his shoulders, and told himself to stop thinking of the lions which might prove to be in the road.

'Perhaps there'll be no trouble, after all. I'll do my best to look old and wise, and I'm sure I can answer any fair question. Anyway, I must have the position; what will mother do if I fail? She expects me to tell her some good news to-night, and I must not disappoint her.'

He was more than an hour too early at the railroad offices. But after tedious waiting he found himself in the presence of Mr. Albright, the manager.

'You say there was a letter about you several weeks ago, Mr. Beaton?' was the response to his few sentences of explanation. 'Let me send for it. It must be on file in the other room.'

When the letter was brought, he glanced at it, and read a paper pinned to it.

'Yes, the letter came, and has been favorably considered. We had no station for you at the time, but instructions were given to let you have the refusal of the first suitable opening. But, to tell the truth,'—and the general manager looked at his caller judicially,—'aren't you a little young for such a responsible position?'

David was ready to urge the three years' experience, when Mr. Albright spoke again.

'Never mind that, though. I see here is another suggestion pinned to your application. "Offer him Zeno City," it reads. You are young, but I don't know but you'll do for our work there. It's a very small station. Yet it's the best we can offer you. The salary is thirty dollars a month. If you prove yourself faithful and willing, we'll have something better for you. What do you say, Mr. Beaton?'

Of course David agreed. The pay was small, but the fifteen dollars he could send his mother each month would be sufficient for her needs. Then he would not plan to stay at Zeno City many months. He would be so faithful and willing that promotion would speedily come. So he told his mother when he informed her of his appointment. So, also, he told the retiring agent at Zeno City when, next day, he had been duly 'checked in' for service.

The retiring agent laughed unpleasantly. 'There's no chance here for faithful and willing service. The G. M. said the same thing to me when he sent me down here. I've done the best I could; but there's nothing to do.'

Then he went on to explain.

'You see, Beaton, this was to have been a great city. If the plans of the founders had been carried out, neither you nor I would ever have been appointed to this station. Twenty years ago an English syndicate was investing in the Alabama iron-mines. A railroad was surveyed from the mineral field to Zeno, here on the river. The town was laid out on a grand scale. Water-works and electric lights were put in. Three or four dozen houses were built. Then there was a big failure in England. The railroad did not get within a hundred miles of us; we have only a little spur of the Alabama, and one mixed train a day. The houses are many of them empty; the water-works have never been in use; the lighting plant has been dismantled. Some days I never sell a ticket. Nothing comes over the wires but railroad business, and very little of that. There is a small amount of freight to handle, and some mail to care for. The monthly reports are a farce. In fact, I don't see any use of keeping up the office, unless it is that the company has its eye on this field for future development. Anyhow, I am glad to be out of the place.'

THE 'PADUCAH' WAS AFIRE!

They were walking through the freight-room as the retiring agent finished his narrative. A peculiar engine attracted David's attention.

'What's that for?' he asked.

'That's another relic,' was the explanation. 'When the station was built, it was expected that the Tennessee River would be a great feeder to the railroad. Many boats were run from here to Ohio and Mississippi river cities. The station is, as you see, on a high bluff. Freight was to be carried from the boats to the shipping-platform by means of a cable tramway. This engine operated it. You can see the tramway from outside. I'd open the door, but the lock is too badly rusted.'

'Do they never use the tramway, then?' David asked.

'Not in the year I've been here,' was the answer. 'When I came, they told me it would be a part of my work to keep the engine in

order, in case a steamboat should land. I did tinker at it for two months. The loafers about the platform laughed, said no boat had landed here for two years. So I gave it up. Anyhow, it's out of order. Something has gone wrong with the gearing. I tried it one day last spring when the only boat which ever brought me freight landed. I told them they would have to use the road. Even that is out of commission now; there was a landslide soon after. Since then no one has been able to get down to the landing without taking the breakneck climb down the face of the bluff.'

In another hour David found himself alone—and lonely. For there was really nothing to do. The mixed train had gone. The telegraph-instrument was silent. There were no freight-bills to be prepared, no book-entries to be made. So he went out for another look about the station. When he came to the large double doors across the tramway, he worked at the lock until it yielded to his coaxing. Then he was able to look out on the track which led down into the water.

'Wish I might see a boat down there at the landing,' he thought. 'It would be a variation in the monotonous landscape.'

He put in the remainder of the day at odds and ends of work. At night he felt exhausted by the effort to invent something to do. 'I don't know but the last man was right when he said there was no chance here for faithfulness,' he thought as he went to sleep.

Next day there was a little bustle when the mixed train drew up to the platform. One passenger appeared, who bought a ticket to a point six miles down the line. A sack of flour and a barrel of oil were left. Then the train was gone. And the day was before him. Carefully he made the necessary entries in his books, then looked about him for something to do. He went to a window, and looked up the river. Then he went to a second window, and looked down the river. He went to the platform, and looked across at the little cluster of houses and the two or three men loafing before the single store. Then he sighed, and re-entered the station.

'I don't know how I'm to stand this, day after day, and week after week,' he thought, self-pityingly. 'If I had only myself to look out for, I am afraid I should send in my resignation by the next mail.'

As he discontentedly walked through the freight-room, he stopped to examine the engine. He had always had a taste for mechanics, and had frequently handled the engine at the water-tank near the home station; so he soon mastered the more intricate mechanism before him. He wished he could try it, and see the flat cars running up and down the incline.

'But it isn't only the gearing I'd need to fix,' he said aloud. He had already begun to speak aloud; it was so lonely. 'The whole thing would have to be thoroughly cleaned; the dust of months is on everything. It would have to be thoroughly oiled, too. Maybe, after all, it wouldn't run.'

He walked on to a little storeroom not far away. Here he found—also covered with dust—a spare cable, some tools, a barrel of lubricating oil, and other supplies. Evidently this was the store-closet for the engine and the hoisting outfit.

Then he took another look at the machinery. 'Wonder if I ought not to fix that,' he asked himself. 'The last agent said he was instructed to keep it in order. The G. M. didn't say anything to me about that, though he did say the retiring agent would point out my duties. Now, I wonder, have I any right to leave the engine alone, even if it isn't used? No telling when it may be wanted. I guess I'll get to work.'

In a little while, in overalls and jumper, he was busy at the grimy machinery. All the morning he gave to his task. It was hard work. But he made progress, and the hours did not seem so long.

As he was about to go to his room for a change of garments, two loafers strolled in. They laughed uproariously when they saw what he was doing.

'You must be anxious to earn your salary,' one of them said. 'The last man soon found the thing was not needed, and he let it alone. You'll do as he did before long.'

But David persisted in his work. It was a week before he had the engine ready for use. It was another week before he learned how to lubricate the cables properly. The loafers who had seen the tramway in use some years before gave him hints, and one of them volunteered to help him as he made his first trip.

'Well, now that it is running, what's the use?' he asked himself grimly. 'Few boats are on the river, and none of those few ever stop here. Wonder if it wouldn't be easier to do as the men say, and give the engine another long rest.'

'No,' he said with decision. 'The G. M. told me to be faithful; and, as this is about the only way in which I can be faithful, I guess I might as well keep on.'

So every day he cleaned the engine, and saw that it was in shape for use. He kept a fire laid, that he might be able to get up steam at a moment's notice. And, when he heard the whistle of a steamer, he stood ready to light the fire if there should be any indication of intent to land.

But months passed, and not once did a boat land. The loafers from the village poked fun at him. They called the tramway 'Beaton's Folly.' They insinuated that he was fit for the insane asylum.

Sometimes they walked over to the station when they heard a boat's approach. Again, they would call to him from the street, asking him to give the captain their regards when his boat tied up at the landing. These sallies made no difference to David. 'It's my work,' he assured himself, 'and as long as I am here I must do it.'

One evening in late October he had just come in from supper when he heard a whistle from down stream. Mechanically he hurried to the freight-room, threw open the double doors, and looked out. Yes, there was the 'Paducah,' which had passed the landing four or five times since he had been agent. And it was going by again! Well, he might have known it. He was closing the doors, when he was startled by a burst of flame from the steamer's boiler deck. He had hardly time to wonder what it meant when the whistle sounded, blast upon blast. Then he saw what was wrong. The 'Paducah' was afire! The pilot was turning her nose to the bank!

He ran to the engine, poured oil on the fuel in the grate, and struck a match. In an instant the fire was burning fiercely. As he worked, he could hear the roustabouts shouting and yelling; and everything was confusion. The mate was trying to control them, that they might be able to make the landing.

In a few minutes the steamer was at the bank. A dozen men from the town had burst into the station. Several hurried down the timbers of the tramway toward the boat. David stopped two of the men, with a request to help him operate the cars.

'What do you want with the cars?' they jeered. 'Think they're going to send you any freight? Why, it will be all they can do to get out themselves!'

But David persisted in his determination to send down the car. At the moment the boat touched the land his engine was ready for use. The car went out the door, and slipped down the incline. Some on board, seeing it coming, set up a shout. When it rested on the water, several planks were run out from the deck; and almost immediately three children and a mattress with some one lying on it were carried over to the car. One man held the children; another knelt by the mattress. Then some one shouted.

'Hoist away there!'

And David, wondering, obeyed.

When the car was halted within the freight-room, the frightened children stepped to the floor. The kneeling man rose, and, turning to David, called

'Help me with this mattress, please.'

As he spoke, David recognized the general manager, whom he had not seen since the day he secured his appointment.

'Can you lead the way to some home where my wife can be cared for?' Mr. Albright asked. 'She is ill, and the excitement of the last half-hour has been hard on her. Let us get away from the river as quickly as possible.'

When the little procession had made its way to the best home in the town, and David had returned to the river, the 'Paducah' was burned to the water's edge. In the station were the captain and the crew.

'Mr. Agent, I want to shake your hand,' the captain greeted him. 'Half an hour ago, when the boat caught fire, I told Mr. Albright that his one chance to get his wife ashore within reach of help was by the use of the rough road from this landing. I thought the tram wasn't working; the last agent said it was out of order when we landed here a year ago. Mr. Albright said it would be too much for his wife. You see, he brought his family on the river in the hope that the trip would benefit Mrs. Albright. Yesterday she was taken seriously ill, and we were hurrying to the Chattanooga hospital. The men tell me the road is blockaded. What would the poor woman have done if the tram had not been in order? She could never have stood it to be hoisted up the cliff. But, thanks to you, everything was all right. These men have been telling me how you have worked to be ready for any emergency. I shall take pleasure in telling Mr. Albright what he owes to you. Young man, you'll be a candidate for a real station when he has heard me out.'

David did not sleep very much that night. He was rejoicing that he had been faithful even when there seemed to be nothing to be faithful about.

And, while he tried in vain to sleep, one of the villagers who had laughed at him as he tinkered at the hoisting-engine thus expressed the general opinion:

'Somehow "Beaton's Folly" doesn't seem so funny to-night, does it, boys?'

FROM EAST AND WEST.

Two enthusiastic letters are selected from among our budget of good things this week, one from Saskatchewan, one from New Brunswick. Did space permit we could occupy a column or two each week with hearty letters from our 'Pictorial' army, now getting to be a very large company indeed. But, large as our 'army' is, we've always room to enlist new recruits, and we will be pleased to enroll any boy reader of this advertisement. All it needs is a postcard from you asking for a package of 'Pictorials' to start on, a premium list and our letter of instructions, etc. We believe in women's rights, too, and while we don't at all urge our girl readers to become newsboys, we are quite willing to give girls the same chance as boys—since some of them could quite easily secure orders for six or eight copies per month from their own personal friends. Indeed, we have several girls already who have done splendidly, earning fountain pens, cameras, locket and chain, as well as book prizes.

But we have wandered away from our letters—here they are:

C——, N.B., May 1.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal, P.Q.:

Dear Sir,—Received camera No. 2 O.K. It works fine; have taken a number of snaps and they could not be better. Am delighted with the rubber stamp. Hope I will soon get the pad. Please forward twenty May 'Pictorials' as soon as possible. Yours truly,

JAMES B. FRASER.

Box 185.

Y——, Sask., April 28.

Dear Sirs,—I am sending returns for the four papers I received. Please send me eight papers for May. The majority of my customers say that they wondered how I could sell the 'Pictorial' so cheap when I ask them how they like the papers. I received the fountain pen to-day and think it is a dandy for the little work. I have sold 49 papers since the 1st of January, and received watch and chain, for 35 papers, fountain pen for 14 papers. Please send jack knife for selling nine papers. I am writing this with the fountain pen, so you will be able to see how the pen works. Yours truly,

HOWARD JONES.

NOW FOR YOUR ORDER! The May number ran down very rapidly, but we could still supply a few new boys (or girls) with a small package to start on—only DO IT NOW. There's no time to lose. Full particulars of our prize competition sent on application.

P.S.—If you are too late for the May Number we will send a package of June issue just as soon as it is ready.

See Large Advt. on Another Page.

LITTLE FOLKS

Chummy and Midget.

(By Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Child's Hour.')

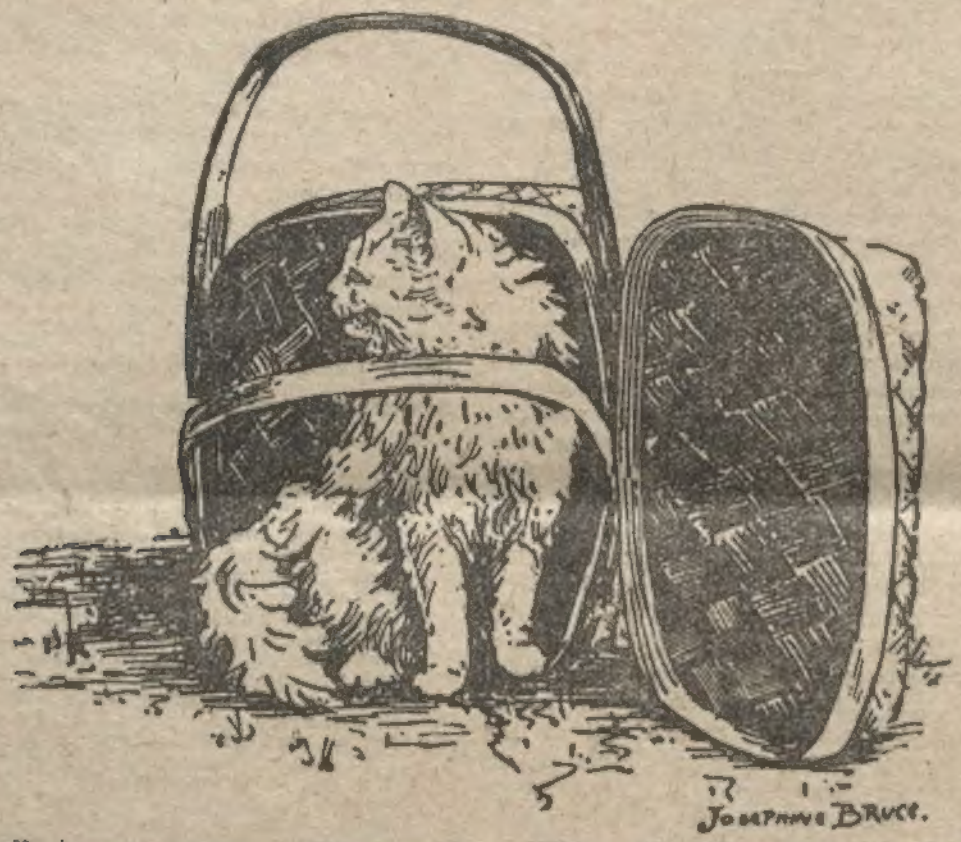
Chummy lives in a flat. Midget lives in a large house out in the country. Once they both lived together with their mother in this country farmhouse. But one day a lady came to visit there and Chummy ran to meet her.

'You dear little l'tten! How I would like to own you!' she exclaimed, seizing Chummy by his tawny fur coat and cuddling him in her arms.

'All right!' purred the kitten, lazily closing his sleepy yellow eyes and snuggling down for a nap.

Strange to say, Chummy's mistress said 'all right' too, when the lady asked to be allowed to take him home with her.

The next day was an exciting one for



this small Angora kitten. Midget and her mother looked on with a great deal of anxiety as they saw Chummy being dressed up in a long garment that covered every part of him except his head, and that tied around his neck with a string.

It was Chummy's travelling bag. Midget wondered why she could not have one, too; and she reached a little gray paw to play with the string. But her mother pushed her away, saying, in sedate cat language: 'Wait until your time comes to wear one.'

For the first few days after Chummy's departure Midget was lonesome. It was not as much fun playing with her mother as it had been with Chummy. Cats are not as playful as kittens; and sometimes when Midget wanted a frolic her mother wanted a nap. At such times she was often sent away with a pair of boxed ears, and was obliged to content herself with chasing her own silky gray tail until she was tired; then she would wander out into the field and go to sleep in the tall grass.

At first poor little Chummy was lonesome, too; for he had to stay in the house all the time. There was not even a yard for him to play in. But he found Toodlekins there, and the two grew very friendly. Chummy would follow the little boy from room to room, just like a dog.

One night not long after the kitten's arrival, Toodlekins awoke to hear a queer noise in his room.

'It is in bed!' Toodlekins whispered to himself. 'It is right here!' He began to be afraid. If he put his head outside the bed-clothes, it was dark—oh, very dark! and then when he pulled the sheet tightly around his frightened little head, there was that strange noise close beside him.

Suddenly something soft and warm touched Toodlekins' hand down there under the bedclothes, and the sound that had so frightened him changed to a familiar purr.

'Why, it's Chummy! it's dear little Chummy!' he cried out in such a loud voice that his mother came hurrying into the room to see what the matter was.

Meanwhile Chummy had cuddled into Toodlekins' arms and was begging to be allowed to stay, by many soft and coaxing purrs. But Toodlekins' mother insisted that it was not safe for kittens and children to sleep together. So Chummy, much against his will, was carried out to his own little bed beside the kitchen stove.

It must be confessed that Toodlekins was what his mother was in the habit of calling a 'little sleepy head'; and Chummy delighted to wake him up mornings by walking back and forth across his pillow, and brushing his silky tail over the little boy's face. This was an invitation for a frolic which usually ended in a separation; for Toodlekins' mother declared that this was the only way to get either of them ready for breakfast.

After Chummy had been several months in his new home, Midget came to make him a visit, and she made the journey in a bag, just as Chummy had done. Strange to say, the kittens did not get on very well together. Chummy was extremely jealous of his little sister; and whenever he happened to find her in any one's lap, he would immediately jump up and box her ears until she was glad to get down. If Midget ventured to stick her nose into Chummy's saucer of milk there was such an uproar in the kitchen that even Toodlekins was glad to run away and leave them to fight it out alone.

Two pretty little Angora kittens were nice to have around if they did not quarrel, Toodlekins' mother said; but she was very glad when the time came for Midget to go back to his country home.

Chummy's good-by to his sister was a humped-up back and a series of spits, which seemed to say: 'I'm glad you are going home to mother! I don't like you as well as I used to!' Which really seemed a very unbrotherly thing for a little kitten to say.

The Minutes.

O the little minutes—O the minutes, every one,
Are the tiny steps that I go climbing with the sun;
Up the stairways of the day, we glancing, dancing, go,
And I'm happy climbing with the little minutes, O.

O, the little minutes—but they're big enough to find—
Step by step I climb them, till I leave a day behind.
They're the easy steps upon the stairways of the day,
Guiding, leading, through the lovely golden lands of play.

—Frank Walcott Hutt, in 'Little Folks.'

'The Queer Little Old Man.'

One time there was a little boy, and he didn't always mind his mother as she wished he would. No doubt he meant to, but you know he was slow, and forgot too soon about what his mother had asked him to do. So one day his mother said: 'Charlie, I wish you would go and get some coal for the grate.'

Charlie didn't hear.

Just then came a knock at the door. Charlie's mother went and opened it, and there stood a little old man. His hair and whiskers were white, and he had red cheeks and twinkling little blue eyes, and just the merriest good look on his face.

'Pardon me, madam,' he said. Charlie's mother saw he was a nice old man, so she said, 'Won't you come in?'

'Think I will,' and in he came.

'You ought to know me, madam,' he said to Charlie's mother. 'I'm quite an acquaintance of yours. My name is Mr. O'I-don't-want-to. You must have heard of me often. Then he smiled so merri-

ly that Charlie's mamma smiled too. It was a queer name, too, wasn't it? Well, then he saw Charlie.

'Ah! this your boy? Yes—ah, um. Fine boy! Ever have any trouble, my boy? If you do, all you have to do is to learn my name, and it will help you right away.'

Charlie thought this was queer.

'What is your name?' said Charlie.

'Mr. O'I-don't-want-to. Now, you say it over two or three times, and then you will get it real smart. That's it. You know,' he said to Charlie's mamma, 'boys don't have any real trouble except at home. So I make it my specialty to help them out. Now, supposing your mother would say to you, "Charlie, go get me some coal for the grate." Now, you might be playing and not want to do it. That's a boy's real trouble. But just speak my name, and you will almost fly to get the coal.'

Now, what do you think? Charlie went after that coal so fast that he almost fell down stairs. When he came back the little old man was gone.

A day or two afterward Charlie's mamma said: 'Charlie, I wish you would go to the grocery and get me some eggs.'

Charlie was busy fixing his skates.

'Charlie!' called his mother.

'O'I-don't-want-to,' said Charlie.

Just at that very instant came a rap at the door, and in walked the same little old man.

'My, my,' said the little old man, 'what a find! Silver and gold in a basket down the street for the first person that gets there.'

'There's the boy for you,' said the old man. 'I knew he wouldn't forget me. Called my name, and here I am. Now, Charlie, go to the grocery, get your mother's eggs, and I'll show you the silver and gold. All you have to do is ask for those eggs. The silver and gold you'll find in them. You're a good boy to remember an old man's name that way.'

So Charlie went to the grocery. Pretty soon he came back with the eggs. The old man was gone.

Charlie looked around. His mother was there alone. 'Mamma,' said Charlie, 'who is that old man?'

But his mamma was smiling a tender, mother's smile.—'Child's Hour.'

Piggy.

Teddy was about ten years old. In view of this interesting event Teddy's mother had ordered some ice cream and cakes and other dainties, and Teddy was told to invite his little friends to a birthday party. The evening of the celebration came around, and all the goodies were waiting to be enjoyed. Teddy and his mother were also waiting.

Suddenly the youngster said, 'Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice cream and cake now?'

'No, indeed, my son,' she replied, 'we must wait until your friends are here.'

'Well, to tell you the truth, mother,' began Teddy, 'I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have enough goodies, so I guess we better begin now, 'cause I didn't invite any one.'—Selected.

The Greedy Little Maid.

One day, I met a little maid, on her way
home from school,
Whose tears had flowed so freely down,
they formed a tiny pool.
'Pray tell me, little one,' said I, 'why
tears your face do smudge?'
'I've lost a dime, kind sir,' she said, 'I
meant to spend for fudge.'

'Now, cease your copious weeping, child
here is another dime.'
She wiped her eyes—she smiled at me—
but only for a time.
And then her wails rang out once more;
her tears flowed down anew:
'If my own dime I had not lost, O, dear
—I'd now have two.'

—Jean S. Rémy, in 'Park and Tilford's Quarterly.'

The Song Sparrow's Toilet.

A splash into a silver brook,
A dainty little dipping;
A dart into a quiet nook,
With all his feathers dripping;
A little shake, a little tweak,
To stir up every feather;
A pretty preening with his beak
To lay them all together;
A stretch of wings, some fluffy shakes,
A flash—he's flown away!
That is how the sparrow makes
His toilet for the day.

—By H. H. Benett, in the 'Child's Hour.'

Bessie's Family.

(By Hilda Richmond, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Mollie's mamma had come to help Bessie's mamma clean house and, as there was no one at home to leave Mollie with the little girl had to come along. The two children had a fine time playing with Bessie's dolls and dishes and toys, and both were sorry when evening came and Mollie had to go home.

'Just think, mamma,' said Bessie, soberly as she cuddled up in mamma's arms for a bedtime talk,' Mollie hasn't one single doll.'

'That is too bad,' said mamma. 'I hope my little girl was very kind to her to-day and let her play with Katie and the toys.'

'Yes, I did, but that isn't quite the same as having them for your very own. I'd like to give Mollie one of mine if you don't care, mamma. You know I have six without counting Katie, for, of course, I couldn't give Katie away.'

'Al. right, dear. Mrs. Smith is coming to morrow afternoon to finish scrubbing and you can give one to Mollie then. It is a nice little idea to share your dolls with poor Mollie and I am sure she will be delighted.

But the next morning mamma heard a doleful sobbing from the corner where Bessie had her play-house, and there sat the little girl crying as if her heart would break. A row of dolls lay on the floor before her and old Katie, the dearest one of all, though her wig was gone and she had only one eye, sat staring with all her might at the queer scene before her.

'Oh, mamma, I just can't part with any of my children. I thought I could but I love them too much. Could you spare Bennie or Helen or me?'

'Certainly not, darling. You are all my own dear children and I couldn't give one of you away.'

'That's the way I feel about Daisy and Polly and all the rest, but I do want Mollie to have one so bad.'

'I'll tell you a capital plan,' said mamma, taking Bessie on her knee. 'When people who have no children of their own want them they go to what is called an Orphans' Home and get them. This is a big house where children who have no parents to take care of them live and kind people sometimes take them for their own. You may take some money out of your bank and play that the store is an Orphan's Home where you may pick out a child for Mollie. How will that do?'

'That will be fine!' cried Bessie, wiping away her tears. 'You do think of the loveliest things. I wish all the boys and girls had nice homes and papas and mammas, so there wouldn't need to be any Orphans' Homes.'

So Mollie got a beautiful doll with flaxen hair and blue eyes, dressed in the prettiest blue and white frock, and Bessie did not have to part with her dear children.

What They Would'nt Like to be.

'I wouldn't want to be a chair,'
Said naughty Bob Magee,
'Because I simply couldn't bear
To have folks sit on me.'

'I'd hate to be a clock!' then cried
Wee modest Mabel Sands;
'For then how ever could I hide
My face within my hands?'

'To be a window must be great,'
Said little Harry Haines;
'And yet I'm very sure I'd hate
To have so many panes.'

'I just would hate to be a pie,'
Said hungry Annie Gupp.
'Some cannibal might wander by,
And he might eat me up.'

'The very worst things we could be
Are rugs,' said Tommy Gay;
'For rugs are taken up, you see,
And beaten every day.'

So all good children should agree
Though tired of their toys,
That after all it's best to be
Just little girls and boys.

—'Australasia.'

HOUSEHOLD.

For Every Day.

(Frank Walcott Hutt, in the 'Housekeeper.')

A cheerful song for every day,
And not for glad days only;
A song to clear a misty way,
And soothe a heart that's lonely;
A song that's not too late to bring
Joy unto one that may not sing.

A song whose mission 'tis to find
And clear the place of sorrow,
And have its message glad and kind,
Fulfilled before to-morrow—
Whether the skies be blue or gray,
A cheerful song for every day.

Miss Libby Testifies.

(By Mabel Earle, in the 'Wellspring.')

'There's exactly four dollars and sixty-eight cents in the treasury,' said Mrs. Donaldson, rocking to and fro in the best chair of her sister's parlor, where the Ladies' Aid Society had met on 'important business.'

'And the interest is thirty dollars, due on the first,' Mrs. Carter observed, with a sigh. 'Mr. Hansen's bill for the window is eleven dollars and seventy-two cents. The salary's falling behind every month. Well—we have to give something.'

'That's what I said,' came in sharp tones from Libby McIntyre. 'That's gospel doctrine. If we gave more'—

'I mean a supper, or a sociable, or something,' Mrs. Carter explained, hastily. 'The Presbyterians were real successful with their oyster supper last week.'

'Sure token that we couldn't make anything on an oyster supper, then, for six months,' pronounced a sister in the shadow of the portieres.

'The Episcopalians have done real well with their ten-cent teas, Thursday afternoons,' Mrs. Donaldson observed, thoughtfully. 'May, be folks wouldn't think it was imitating if we followed them.'

'Yes,' said Libby McIntyre, 'and the Baptists in Jonestown had a Tom Thumb wedding week before last, with the children dressed up to represent 'em all, minister and everything, the whole ceremony. They made a hundred dollars.'

'My sakes!' sighed Mrs. Donaldson; 'but we can't have such doings here.'

'Miss McIntyre, I don't understand at all!' the school teacher said, after a minute of silence. 'You don't seriously mean that we should give'—

'Yes, I do seriously mean that we should give,' Libby flashed back. 'Not minstrel shows, nor teas, nor suppers, either, nor yet breakfasts; but give of our substance, as Scripture says. I'm not saying that minstrel shows and raffles are all the same as socials.'

'Why, they aren't,' the school teacher protested. 'The churches have always raised money by socials.'

'I don't read about any in the New Testament,' Miss Libby answered, grimly; 'but, as I said, I'm not contending that socials are wrong. Only, if we've always done that way, I think it's a pretty good sign that it's time for us to change the way. The debt here is ten years old, and the minister has never had a whole month's salary paid up promptly on time since I can remember. Of course, we don't let 'em starve; I think our ministers aren't half so bad off as those in some real stylish churches. But I've held my tongue in this society since I was a girl, and to-day, if you'll not run away before it, I'm going to testify. I'm going to tell you my way.'

'We'll listen, Libby,' Mrs. Carter said.

'Well, then, to begin with, we women aren't paupers, any of us; nor yet rich folks, either. Most of us know what economy means, all right, and some of us plan pretty close to make ends meet. But most of us—I'm not one of 'em, but no matter—depend on the earnings of men folks; and men folks that go to church, thank the Lord, if they don't all belong to it. And men folks would a sight rather give right out of their pockets straight than give by the 'social' way. Fancy if the Farmers' Union was to give a lavender tea every time they wanted twenty dollars! They figure up what they need, and each man pays what he sees best, and that's the end. No breaking of dishes, or squabbles over who wasted the cake cutting it, or lost spoons, or nothing. They'd rather do it so for the church, and I venture to think the Lord would be better pleased with results.'

'But where would our share come in, Libby?' said Mrs. Carter. 'Women ought o have a part in working for the church.'

'I'll tell you where it would come in for some of us,' Libby answered. 'It would come in real, genuine sacrifice, the kind that cuts deep and is real healthy for souls. You may think you can't live on any less than you're using—but you can, every time, till it comes to right-down poverty—which, as I said, none of us know anything about. My Uncle Joseph was a close man; some of you knew him. Well, one fall, the corn crib burned down on his farm. It didn't amount to much, but it was where he was keeping some notes for a hundred dollars or so—he was a queer man for hiding things—and he 'most went wild. But Aunt Hannah talked to him real sensible, and showed him how they'd get along without this and that, and use something else another year, and be just as happy without the notes, till he felt resigned. Then Cousin Thomas came in with the notes in his hand, and owned up he'd found 'em and hid 'em in another place the day before, to plague his father. Uncle Joseph was real impressed. By and by, he told Aunt Hannah he'd had a sharp lesson, and if she was willing, he was going to offer the whole of that money to the Lord; because he'd been saying he couldn't possibly spare another cent, and the Lord had showed him he could, after all. It was a lesson to me, too, for all my life; and now I never say, "I can't give more," but I find some way I can.

'There was Eunice Green, in Jonesville, she believes just this way, and last spring when I stayed with her, she told me that for six years she'd put off getting a black silk she wanted, and put the difference of the money into the collection. She looked just as sweet in her henrietta, every bit; Eunice never did go shabby.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Donaldson, slowly, 'that's an example, I'm sure. I had wanted a new hat this winter, but I'm willing to start the ball rolling by keeping the old one one year more; that is, if we're going to take up this plan. That'll mean five dollars, just by itself.'

There was a murmur of admiration among the women, but Libby's voice cut through it sharply.

'Mary Donaldson, I've known you since you were a girl, and I'm going to speak plain to you this day, while I'm testifying! The Lord has prospered your husband bountifully this year, and you and he can give a hundred as easy as Eunice Green could give ten. Mind, I'm not saying it's your duty to give a hundred, any more than I ever told Eunice just how much she ought to give. But you just ask yourself, solemnly, if all those plans you've made for extra expenses are for real necessaries; and if you want to come right out and say, "I don't see best to give more'n so much," nobody'll blame you; but for honesty's sake, don't let us women say can't when we mean won't.'

Mrs. Donaldson sat up, aghast, and the strangers in the room turned pale faces of indignation upon Libby McIntyre.

'I'm going,' she said, rising suddenly. 'I know just how impertinent I've been, and you can talk me over all you please. I shan't resent it one bit. I had this thing on my mind to say, and I've said it, and I feel easier. If you folks decide to give a social, you can count on me for two quarts of cream and a layer cake, just the same as usual.'

She walked out of the room deliberately, and nobody said anything for a minute. Then Mrs. Donaldson took off her glasses and wiped them, with a little chuckle.

'That's Libby, all over,' she said. 'She took me all of a sudden, and I hadn't a word to say. But she's right about extra expenses. I was planning to buy a new set of furniture for the spare room, and move mother's old walnut set upstairs—it's so sort of gloomy and queer-looking. But it stands to reason I don't have to buy new things this fall, nor yet go as far on my trip as I wanted to.'

'If everybody thought like Libby, things would be ever so much simpler,' the tired-faced woman by the portieres said, with a little sigh. 'But you can't make everybody see things the same way just by talking. I know John would rather give a dollar or two out and out any time than have me work at a supper.'

There was silence in the room for a minute. Then the school teacher questioned, with some acerbity: 'Does Miss McIntyre give much herself to the support of the church?'

'I'll tell you what she's giving, year after year,' Lucy Carter answered, slowly. 'She's giving far more than any of the rest of us. She's made the greatest sacrifice that any woman could make. She's giving her life and her happiness. You young women don't know, but we older ones remember. She gave Robert Gartney to the mission service in South Africa, thirty-three years ago. He was doing real well, and they were to have been married that spring. But he got that call, and he laid it before Libby. She couldn't go with him, for she couldn't leave her mother and father; they were so near helpless, and she'd planned to keep them with her after she was married. But she sent Robert, and she kissed him good by at the train, and turned to us girls—there was you, Mary, you and she were to have been married at the same time that spring; and she said, "Don't you dare to feel sorry for me, any of you! It's a privilege." That's what Libby gave, and gives year after year—home, and love, and comfort. She's got a right to lecture the rest of us.'

'Well,' said the school teacher, 'I think we have learned our lesson. If Libby McIntyre could make such a sacrifice, I think we, too, should be willing to really give.'

'You're right, Lucy,' Mrs. Donaldson said, wiping away a tear. 'And Libby's right too, just like I said. I'm going home to think it over, and talk it over. I don't know that we can do any better than follow her lead.'

A Vacation in Character Building.

The annual vacation is a new invention. It is but a few years since it was the exclusive possession of the college student, and even he took his holiday in the winter, that he might use the precious two months for teaching a country school. Fifty years ago vacations for clerks or artisans were brief and few; and the idea that the father, mother, son and daughter of every family should each have a holiday would have been treated as nothing short of wicked by that New England conscience which insisted on steady occupation as the only protection against the wiles of the devil.

To-day American life has accepted the changed conditions for these summer months. We have all come to do our twelve months' work in ten months or eleven months. Our physical life is adjusted to it. How about the moral and spiritual life? Have they been considered in the transaction?

Character is a most sensitive growth. We toil hard to induce it to nourish in our little garden plot. For example, we read good books; we try to acquire self-control in speech and habit; we practice charity for the poor and suffering; we frequent the services of the Christian church. By these means and such as these, men and women for twenty centuries have made themselves better creatures.

But with the new conditions which the summer now brings, many of us break off these habits at a given date. We exchange good books for the cheapest and poorest of modern novels and magazines. We go to hotel or cottage where it is unfashionable to be punctual or useful or orderly. We cease to look for God's poor, and our attendance upon the services of the church either ceases entirely, or is reduced to the briefest and most formal duty. It is little wonder that when

the working winter returns to us we have so little to show as progress in the delicate art of the building of character. It is precisely as if we were trying to acclimate a magnolia tree, and after digging round it and enriching it and watering it for ten months we were to pull it out of the soil and leave it lying with its roots exposed to scorching sun and drought for two months, and then laboriously replant it, and wonder at its retarded development. It is high time that Christian men and women should face the question, 'What of the things of the spirit in vacation?'

Let us premise that the poorest kind of a vacation for a tired, intelligent Christian person is a month of doing nothing. There may be cases where that is necessary, but they are cases for a physician's prescription. Of course, restful occupation presupposes a mind at ease and a conscience void of offense.

Our first and readiest holiday business then, may be the reading of a few good books. The chance novel is a poor makeshift for the happy leisure of a summer's day. A little foresight and contrivance will provide some noble reading for every holiday, and by so much establish the period of rest upon a sound intellectual basis.

Whenever the service of God's church is available, it is the most gracious accompaniment of recreation. When it is not accessible, there remain for the devout soul the pages of Bible or devotional book or at least the hymn and the inspiring printed sermon.

Again, it is good for every one all the year round to maintain a friendly relation with people less well placed than himself. If the poor do not press so closely upon us as in winter, there are always the lonely and the overworked to whom a smile and a word may be priceless. It is even worth trouble to try to reveal to some tired worker that the true recreation does not depend upon change of scene or freedom from toil, but is a matter of the inner spirit. It may be the privilege of the holiday maker by a word to set free the imagination of the stay-at-home worker, to catch a glimpse of what eye hath not seen.

The fretful child, kept in by the rain, may be shown that the great forces of nature, going on their beneficent way, are preparing for him on the morrow a deeper green in the field, a brighter blue in the sky and a clearer horizon. So the child may actually share the joy of the parched earth in the rain, as his fancy follows cloud and brook and bursting seed, while all are quickened by the storm.

There is one other way by which the summer may be wonderfully enriched. The joys of travel may be deepened by the definite intention of seeing and delighting in the world because it is God's world, and in the beauties of art because He has inspired men to create them. We have no right to look upon our earth as the child reads a book—ignorant and incurious of the author. We are bound to see in mountain and ocean and meadow the work of God's hand.

Is there any one phrase in which we may sum up the whole matter? The writers of the gospel story have set the life of our Lord before us with a subtile, inspired adaptation to the needs and the questionings of all the ages. As we study it, we may continually adjust our lives and their new-old problems to the standard of the most blessed Life. Will this process help us here?

One day in the midst of Christ's busiest year he made a long tiresome journey on foot. With the reserve with which the evangelists always speak of the physical conditions of Christ's life, St. John says simply, 'Jesus therefore being wearied with his journey sat thus on the well.' So his companions left him while they went to buy food. Then followed his meeting with the Samaritan woman, the long searching conversation with her, the revelation to her of her sin and the sin of the world, her hurried message to her neighbors and their flocking out to hear his teaching.

The long summer afternoon wore on as he taught—without food or drink—and when the disciples returned they found him, not exhausted and travel-worn as they had left him, but refreshed and invigorated. They were perplexed and said to each other, 'Hath any many brought him meat?' And he, reading their thoughts, replied, 'My meat is to do the will of my Father.' Then with a figure which may flash a quick ray of light even on our modern perplexity, he added, 'Ye say, "There are four months and then cometh harvest." Behold, I say unto you, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to the harvest."'—Heloise E. Hersey in the 'Interior.'

Canadian Pictorial

Among the Contents of the

JUNE NUMBER

will be

Charming Cover Picture—"He cometh not, she said."

Full Page portrait of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

Canadian Orchards in Bloom and other Spring Scenes.

The Old-fashioned Brick Oven of the French-Canadian Farmhouse.

Thrilling Scenes at the wreck of the H.M.S. "Gladiator."

The Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London.

A Page of Britain's Troops in India, taken for the "Pictorial" in Calcutta by a Canadian.

An Article on the New System of Providing Playgrounds for children.

News of the month in brief.

Woman's Dept., Fashions, Patterns, etc.,

and many other features.

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Begin the Day Alright.

A good beginning is always desirable in a day of work or pleasure. A few cheerful words count for more now than at any other time, for they often serve as a keynote for the whole day. It depends largely upon the mother of a family whether home is a sunny resting-place, or merely a habitation of complaint and contention. Unhappy indeed is the household that begins the morning with domestic clouds. There are some heads of families who seem to consider it due to their dignity that they should perpetually wear a severe aspect, and who are never sterner or more unrelenting than at the breakfast-table. The family leave for their respective daily tasks with a sensation of chilliness that requires the most cheerful surroundings to overcome.

A sunny word now goes far to lighten the day's tasks, to speed the parting members of the family, and to help those who remain behind in the performance of their various duties. The hostess who goes to her kitchen and deftly straightens out with a few touches of her own the tangled skein of work which she may find there accomplishes more by a few well-chosen words of encouragement than she will by a score of complaints. Consideration and kindness often do wonders with even the most stupid and obdurate of servants. It shows great selfishness for the family or for the mother to make other members of the household bear the burden of their individual trials and grievances at the breakfast-table.—'Christian Globe.'

Home Religion.

There is no greater need to-day than a quickening in home religion. It is beyond question sadly true that we are now reaping all over our land the painful result of irreligious home life. It is evident in all social, domestic and other crimes which shame us. There is no safeguard of our civilization, of the state or of the church which is nearly so strong as that which godly homes furnish. When unbelief or evil dominates here the floodgates of iniquity are open, and all wrong finds an ally. There is no institution in the world that can do or undo the wrong in equal measure with the home. The church is a great sufferer at the hearthstone to-day. It seems an uneven task to teach children in the Sunday School, when it is not supplemented by prayer and example in the home.

The responsibility of parents—not of one, but of both—is very grave here. No condition or pretext can excuse us. It is easier to live right than wrong, to trust and obey God rather than the world, the flesh and the

devil, and the difference in the word puts a distinct mark upon the Christian and un-Christian home. There is no culture, or display of wealth, no earthly comfort that can substitute the family altar. A prayerless home is like a house without a roof, wholly incomplete. There is no assured hope for the home as long as it is prayerless. On the other hand, a family gathered about the altar of prayer in the morning, the father reading the Word of God—or the mother, in his absence or refusal—and then commending all to God for the day, this is a most forceful example and testimony, and one of the most beautiful pictures of heaven ever witnessed on earth. After that you may have equipage and splendor, put on diamonds and costly garments if you can, but without God's altar in the house they are mockery and a vain show. The merciful God increase the number of quiet Christian homes!—'St. Mark's Messenger.'

Soup Stock.

In regard to the making of soup stock, a writer says in Table Talk: There are but a few essential points in soup-making and serving. Having mastered these every housekeeper who has the will can make a good soup. The basis of the majority of soups is the meat stock, whether it be made from beef, veal, or poultry. Meat consists of five elements—albumen, gelatine, fibrin, fat and osmazome, and in making stock the object is to extract all the nutriment or the elements of the meat, leaving a residue of muscular fibre. In selecting the meat for the stock remember that the cheaper inferior parts will yield the most nutriment for this purpose, and that odds and ends of cooked meat can be used which are otherwise useless. In an economically managed household, where much meat is used, especially large roasts, there should be little need for fresh meat for stock except in making consomme or bouillion. A shin of beef is usually taken, as the proportion of bone and meat should be about equal by weight. The first point to be enforced, after the raw material is put in the hands of the cook, is, do not wash the meat, wipe it thoroughly with a damp cloth; to wash it wastes the juices, which are needed for the stock. Then the meat must be cut from the bone, cut in pieces and the bone cracked to expose as much surface as possible, and allow the juices to flow. Put the bones in the bottom of the kettle, the meat on top, and cover with cold soft water, allowing one quart to every pound of meat and bone—cold water draws out the nutriment and it must be soft, as hard water toughens the fibre and prevents the free flowing of the juices of the meat. For this reason salt must not be added until the stock is done. It must be simmered, never boiled, unless the liquid is to be skimmed, which is unnecessary. The scum is the coagulated albumen and juice of the meat, which being lighter than the water, rises to the surface as the water heats, and by skimming a portion of the nutriment is lost. The vegetables are added to the stock merely to give it flavor, and in summer the stock will keep longer if they are omitted.

How to Keep a Child's Confidence.

(S. V. DuBois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

There are problems which all are called upon to solve of more or less importance, but none of them should receive more careful attention than that of keeping a child's confidence. For the child himself, this close and frank intimacy is essential to his well being, and without it there cannot be normal development and growth.

Few have reached mature years without learning that what we are carries far more weight and influence than what we say, and that there is no one quicker to discern the real motive which prompts our actions than the child whose life touches ours. Confidence cannot be demanded, and to inspire it we must ourselves be deserving of it. The poet has truthfully said:

'Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth
wouldst teach,
Thy soul must overflow if thou another soul
wouldst reach,
It needs the overflow of hearts to give the
lips full speech.'

There is no more interesting class than that of the little ones fresh from the infant room. It is sometimes surprising how their memory has been developed and their knowledge, along Scripture lines, to the uninitiated, seems little short of marvellous. They are in a senior school now, and are expecting great things, and the new teacher sits among them keenly feeling her own inefficiency. First of all, win their confidence. Be what you seem and stand among them for truth and righteousness.

'If we cannot sing like angels,
If we cannot preach like Paul,
We can tell the love of Jesus,
We can say, He died for all.'

God only holds us responsible for the talents which ars ours, and these discerning children whom we are attempting to instruct are not questioning our wisdom to any marked degree; they are more interested to know if we mean what we say, and live what we mean.

Do not expect too much of these little ones, and if they sometimes lapse into indifference, do not be too readily shocked; kindness on your part and a quiet dismissal of the matter will count for more than any words of reproof.

Once having won their confidence you can hold it without reserve. A good fellowship exists between you; they look upon you as a comrade and tell you many little things about themselves. You appreciate the confidence and make note of it as bringing you a step nearer.

Sometimes they make remarks or ask questions of a personal nature which might seem disrespectful, but it is doubtful if they intended them as such; they have given you their confidence, and like deserves like, according to their childish idea.

In the midst of a lesson on 'The Boyhood of Jesus' a little girl leaned over and touched her teacher's chain. 'Is this gold?' she said. 'Yes, dear,' was the quiet answer, and the lesson was resumed.

We must not forget how many experiences have combined and taught us, as older scholars, the distinctions which seem o simple now. As teachers let us take heart; there is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, just as to-morrow's yesterday is still to-day. Carefully and prayerfully let us come in contact with the souls entrusted to us.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1065—CHILD'S FIRST SHORT CLOTHES.

While loath to give up the baby, there is a fascination in the making of the first short clothes, in which, after the time prescribed, six months, has passed, the shapeless mite can be made to take on some semblance of a little man or woman. As with the long clothes, everything must tend to comfort, easy tubbing and the greatest simplicity—no pins to scratch or strings to get into hard knots, but everything 'ship-shape' and with good firm buttons and buttonholes. Nainsook is a material well liked for ordinary short clothes, and every one of this set, which is made in one size only, may be endowed with great variety by the changes in the material and trimmings. Some of the very sheer and fine barred muslins are pretty for the little slips, which are plain except where the narrowest tucks are used in clusters. The whole set is put in one envelope and the quantities required are to be found on the printed slips.

NO. 1106—GIRL'S WORK APRON.

Every girl should be taught the common duties of housekeeping, and for those who must hurry away to school after the dish-washing or dusting, an allover apron will be a great saving to the dress underneath, and may be thrown off in no time. Checked ginghams are the best material for work aprons, and no attempt at elaboration in the way of trimming should be made. The garment will be shapely and require no finish but stitching if made by the pattern, No. 1106, that comes in three sizes, for 12, 14 and 16 years, five and a half yards of twenty-seven-inch material being required for a fourteen-year size.

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The Tyranny of Ill-temper.

(Aunt Marjorie, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It is an open question and possibly an open secret that the good-tempered people in this world are responsible for the tyranny of the ill-tempered. In social intercourse and in the household ill-temper is so dreaded, its effects upon commonplace enjoyment are so blighting and its atmosphere is so baleful that the amiable and self-controlled are apt to yield their own preferences to avoid a scene. Woe to the home in which an ill-tempered father or mother has succeeded in laying a spell of uneasiness or terror on the children.

In one of Miss Muloch's stories three sisters living together might have had a peaceful and happy existence but for the stormy temper of one to whom the others continually conceded the right to have fits of passion and to be violent and disagreeable whenever she chose. The truth is that once in a while the path to peace leads straight through war. To concede to any person the privilege of being ill-tempered at discretion is to do a double wrong, first to the person and then to kindred and friends.

No lesson should be earlier learned than that of restraining one's moods and of repressing hasty and unconsidered speech. In Little Dorrit Charles Dickens with a master hand set on his canvas a type of ill-temper run riot, in the character of Miss Wade, a woman in whose life were no flowers, nothing but a rank growth of evil weeds. She exerted a malign influence wherever she went. Mr. Meagles' advice to the young girl whom this woman did her best to ruin body and soul, might well be taken by any ill-tempered individual. 'Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram.' Whoever counts five-and-twenty slowly before speaking will be able to maintain silence until it is prudent to speak.

The gist of the trouble is that usually ill-tempered people justify themselves and fancy that the rest of mankind are to blame. They are so ready to excuse their own outbreaks and to complain of others that it really requires an immense amount of effort and a very clear vision to stand up against them. One has even seen a cross and fretful child permitted indulgences and allowed to dominate the nursery because the short-sighted mother has thought it wise to avoid issues and to take invariably the easier way. This mistake in child training has fatal results. While it is the case that example is more potential than precept in the ordinary home, every rule has exceptions. Early in life children should learn that justice is the one thing to which all are entitled and on which no one can trample with safety.

Rose Bloom.

There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life melody, the music is broken off here and there by 'rests,' and we foolishly think we have come to the end of time. God sends a time of forced leisure—sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts—and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. But be it our to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the 'rests.' They are not to be slurred over, nor to be omitted, nor to destroy the melody, nor to change the keynote. If we look up, God himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.—John Ruskin.

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Blessed Rest.

There is a spot in every heart,
Deep down below the world,
That human nature keeps apart
In sacred incense furled.

Not love of man nor love of maid
Can ever hope to be
Sacred enough that spot to fade
From dearest memory.

Not love of any mortal may
Reign o'er this sacred spot;
For she who ruled it rules to-day,
Although we see her not.

Oh, mother! queen of every heart,
Not wife nor child that space
Can ever hope by any art,
To rule, nor take your place!

—'Table Talk.'

Abiding in Gloom.

I am sometimes reminded of the 'tot' who, on a rainy morning looked out of the window with a frown, and deeply sighed. Then she said: 'There are so many horrid things! Why do there have to be such a lot of 'em, mother?' 'And what is troubling my little girl this morning?' was the smiling answer. 'O, ten million thousand things. More than I could count up in a month.'

After breakfast was disposed of, the mother said: 'I want you to come with me into the library, dear.' That was a favorite resort with the little one, so she made no objection. Once there the parent asked, handing the child a pencil and a sheet of paper: 'Now write down as many of the million things that trouble you, as you can. Of course one sheet won't hold half a million, but you can start on it.'

Rather dismayed but still 'game' the wee one seated herself and industriously wrote two headings. One read: 'It rains.' The other bore this lament: 'Addie's gone away, and Sadie's going to be my seat-mate. I don't like her.' Then she began to bite her pencil, and looked crestfallen. Her mother kept silent, allowing the little mind to gather ideas. At last a meek voice said: 'Mother, I can't think of any more. I'spect I put it too high, don't you?'

When one allows the habit of seeing the gloomy side of things to become a settled trait of character, trials are usually exaggerated. Not that one necessarily becomes untruthful, but the mind has gotten a 'twist' and ever discovers more troubles than really exist. . . . The habit must be broken if you are to live a victorious life. And it must first be recognized. The very best way to secure this, is to look carefully over your blessings. As you do so, you will begin to see how remiss you have been in not giving God praise for all his many gifts and loving favors.—Mrs. M. Anderson, in 'Way of Faith.'

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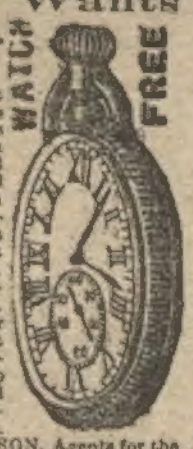

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